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HONG KONG & KOWLOON

No. 36865

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1957.

Price 30 Cents

COMMENT OF THE DAY

THE TORIES

POLITICAL party conferences are apt, in Britain anyway, to seem like mutual admiration societies. The leaders receive their due ration of adulation, the converted are preached at, and resolutions have a habit of being rhetorical and unanimous.

This, if anything, applies more to the Conservatives than to the Socialists. For the former, if they possess any dirty linen, are even less inclined than the Socialists to wash it in public.

But this year the atmosphere has changed. There is a note of querulousness, even downright criticism, in the resolutions of some of the Conservative constituency associations, than whom none is stancher.

South Bedfordshire, for instance, has tabled a motion expressing their "great disappointment and concern at the Government's failure to reduce or even arrest the continued rise in living costs."

Another constituency is "alarmed." Another acknowledges that Conservative loyalty is being sorely tested. Others want bold action to "regain the confidence of the party." And so they go on.

TURBULENT

IN the context of British conservatism this has something of the effect of a curate rounding off a blabber and telling him he ought to smarten up his diocesan administration. With one big difference. The Conservative leaders cannot tell their rank and file to go jump in the lake.

And word-spinning is not going to pacify these turbulent Tories. What, in brief, they want is for the Conservative party to take a strong Conservative line, to clamp down on inflation, no matter how the unions may threaten, and to give middle class Britons a fairer crack of the whip than they have had since the end of the war.

The party leaders cannot ignore the call. The reaction of their political opponents, when, and if, they net on it, should be worth being around to see.

2,000 Students Locked In Hall: Surprise Police Move NEW RIOTING BREAKS OUT

Polish Capital Scene Of Sharp Fighting

Warsaw, Oct. 4.
New clashes broke out in Warsaw tonight between the police and Polish students, protesting against the suspension of the student weekly "Poprostu".

The students, who clashed with the police last night, gathered about 2,000 strong in the hall of the Polytechnic College tonight for further demonstrations.

A crowd of about 2,000, most of them students and other youths, milled outside the building when helmeted militiamen suddenly drove up and dispersed them with clubs.

The militiamen cleared the front of the building and cordoned off the adjacent streets in less than 15 minutes while another 60-man contingent took over the school and locked the 2,000 demonstrators inside.

Lights Out
About 30 militiamen stood guard outside the college and lights were extinguished in the conference room where the demonstrations were to be held. Some 4,000 students then massed in front of the building which houses the Communist Party Central Committee and shouted "Release our comrades."

Other students attempted to rally the crowd with shouts of "To the newspaper office." The paper was suspended by the decision of the Central Committee.

Stubborn As A Mule
London, Oct. 4.
A donkey made a jackass of himself on the stage of the Scala Theatre here last night.

The donkey appeared in a scene of "The Desert Song" performed by the City of Westminster Operatic Society. When the time came for him to exit, he refused his cue. He wouldn't get off the stage. The cast gathered round, coaxed him with carols, whipped him, nudged, sweated and cursed silently. Finally, the donkey walked off into the wings to loud cheers from the audience.—United Press.

Dramatic Moscow Flash... RUSSIA LAUNCHES ITS EARTH SATELLITE

By HENRY SHAPIRO

Moscow, Oct. 4.

Russia announced it launched the first earth satellite today. It is now circling the earth at an altitude of 562 miles and its tiny radio transmitter is sending signals to ground stations, the announcement said.

At dawn the 22-inch diameter satellite will be visible to watchers using only binoculars or small telescopes, the announcement said.

A midnight dispatch from the official Tass news agency broke the news of the momentous scientific achievement. The dispatch did not disclose the launching site.

Radio Moscow immediately beamed the news of the launching around the world so that scientists, radio amateurs and International Geophysical Year experts could track the tiny sphere.

ITS WEIGHT

The radio said the satellite "is in the form of a sphere 23 inches in diameter, weighs 180 lbs and carries a radio transmitter."

In Washington, officials speculated that the Russians had used their recently announced intercontinental ballistic missile to launch the satellite.

Not Heard In HK

The Royal Observatory here has not received any signals from the Russian satellite since its launching. Dr. I. E. M. Watts, the Director, told the China Mail this morning it was unlikely that the Royal Observatory in Hong Kong would be making any special effort to contact the satellite until it received further information about it.

The BBC announced today it has tuned powerful receivers to the Soviet earth satellite frequencies. But there was no immediate report that its signals had been identified, a BBC spokesman said.—United Press.

might have used their recently announced intercontinental ballistic missile to launch the satellite.

The satellite will pass over Moscow twice tomorrow, the radio said—at 1:46 am and 6:42 am local time.

The radio added, "a complete revolution of the satellite will take one hour and 35 minutes." Its steel radio transmitters are continuously emitting signals at a frequency of 20,005 and 40,002 megacycles or 10 and 7.5 metres wavelengths.

HAMS CAN HEAR
Moscow reported that the transmitter's power was such as to ensure "reliable reception by a broad range of amateurs." The signals, the radio said, are "of the nature of telegraph signals at about 0.3 second's

duration with a pause of the same duration. The signals of one frequency are sent during the pauses in the signals of the other frequency."

"Calculations have shown that owing to the tremendous velocity of the satellite at the end of its existence it will burn up on reaching the denser layers of the atmosphere," Moscow Radio said.—United Press.

"I FEEL FINE" QUIN'S MOTHER SIPS CHAMPAGNE

Toulon, Oct. 4.

Mme Laurence Christoffe today sipped champagne in bed 48 hours after giving birth to quintuplets, two of whom survived, and remarked: "I would have preferred a different kind of fame."

Mme. Christoffe, with her husband, Camille, and her mother at her side, received an AFP correspondent at the Saint Michel clinic this afternoon, commenting, "When one becomes famous I guess one has to cope with the obligations this brings."

Of her own health, the mother said: "I feel fine and I will take my first steps since the confinement, today. I hope to leave the hospital in eight days."

VERY PLEASED

Mme Christoffe said she was very pleased to hear that the babies were being successfully fed today for the first time. But she added that she did not want to be overly optimistic.

She said she was quite aware of the slim chances for survival of the infants: "Before being sure, we will have to wait two weeks. However, I am not giving up hope either, because it would be devastating if so much effort was made for nothing."

Mme. Christoffe, herself ate a hearty luncheon, including vegetable soup, a grilled steak

with boiled potatoes and butter but no salt, and baked apples. And she took little sips from a bottle of champagne at her bedside.

HER PRAYER

Earlier today she prayed that her two remaining children would survive.

"I only ask one thing from heaven, that I can keep my two little ones, Roland and Michele," she told reporters.

Doctors have told her there is only a faint hope that the tiny boy and a girl would pull through.

Doctors at Toulon's Foch Hospital are keeping constant watch over the incubators where Roland and Michele—the two smallest of the quintuplets—were still struggling for life today.—France-Press and United Press.

Djilas Trial Ends

Belgrade, Oct. 4.
The trial of Milovan Djilas ended tonight and it was announced verdict will be pronounced tomorrow.—United Press.

New Species Of Cat

Paris, Oct. 4.
A newly created cat species, bred in Britain, the "Havana", was displayed for the first time on the Continent today at the opening of the International Cat Show of Paris.

Two chocolate coloured short-haired "Havanas", Elmtower Dusk and Elmtower But-brown Maid, developed by

Miss Houro Smith of London from Siamese strains, were the novelty of the show. American, British, Swiss, Italian, Belgian and other foreign cats will compete against French champions in the judging tomorrow for a score of prizes.

Among the feline species are Siamese, Persians, Abyssinians and Burmese.—France-Press.

Best Tips For Today's Valley Races

By "Rapier"	RACE 1	By "The Turf"	RACE 1
Matador	Advancement	Oat	Advancement
Marine Charger	Marine Charger	Pearl of Hongkong	Pearl of Hongkong
Outsider: Applause.	Outsider: Applause.	Outsider: Sabrina.	Outsider: Sabrina.
RACE 2	RACE 2	RACE 2	RACE 2
Blue Train	Blue Train	Irfahan	Irfahan
Isfahan	Isfahan	Templation	Templation
Flying Eagle	Flying Eagle	Million Bonus	Million Bonus
Outsider: Temptation.	Outsider: Temptation.	Outsider: Blue Train.	Outsider: Blue Train.
RACE 3	RACE 3	RACE 3	RACE 3
Golden Nugget	Golden Nugget	Golden Nugget	Golden Nugget
Peach Blossom	Peach Blossom	Peach Blossom	Peach Blossom
Mayfair	Mayfair	All Giv	All Giv
Outsider: Vendetta.	Outsider: Vendetta.	Outsider: Sea Raider.	Outsider: Sea Raider.
RACE 4	RACE 4	RACE 4	RACE 4
Opportunity	Opportunity	Madam Fortune	Madam Fortune
Madam Fortune	Madam Fortune	Opportunity	Opportunity
Tiger Shark	Tiger Shark	Tiger Shark	Tiger Shark
Outsider: Iron Wing.	Outsider: Iron Wing.	Outsider: Angela.	Outsider: Angela.
RACE 5	RACE 5	RACE 5	RACE 5
Night People	Night People	Night People	Night People
Snow-Damsel	Snow-Damsel	Snow-Damsel	Snow-Damsel
Shiraz	Shiraz	Red Light	Red Light
Outsider: Snow-Damsel.	Outsider: Snow-Damsel.	Outsider: Snow-Damsel.	Outsider: Snow-Damsel.
RACE 6	RACE 6	RACE 6	RACE 6
Alondale	Alondale	Alondale	Alondale
Welcome	Welcome	Welcome	Welcome
Ngan Loong	Ngan Loong	Ngan Loong	Ngan Loong
Outsider: Welcome.	Outsider: Welcome.	Outsider: Seacrest.	Outsider: Seacrest.
RACE 7	RACE 7	RACE 7	RACE 7
Queen's Parchment	Queen's Parchment	Queen's Parchment	Queen's Parchment
Bellinda	Bellinda	Bellinda	Bellinda
Rose	Rose	Rose	Rose
Outsider: Old Tyre.	Outsider: Old Tyre.	Outsider: Oscar Frize.	Outsider: Oscar Frize.
RACE 8	RACE 8	RACE 8	RACE 8
Tara	Tara	Tara	Tara
Gambetta	Gambetta	Gambetta	Gambetta
Ding Dong	Ding Dong	Ding Dong	Ding Dong
Outsider: Straight Runner.	Outsider: Straight Runner.	Outsider: Ding Dong.	Outsider: Ding Dong.
RACE 9	RACE 9	RACE 9	RACE 9
Milky Way	Milky Way	Milky Way	Milky Way
Wing Hing	Wing Hing	Wing Hing	Wing Hing
Reynas	Reynas	Reynas	Reynas
Outsider: Curtain Calls.	Outsider: Curtain Calls.	Outsider: Curtain Calls.	Outsider: Curtain Calls.
RACE 10	RACE 10	RACE 10	RACE 10
Hyldmon	Hyldmon	Hyldmon	Hyldmon
After Dark	After Dark	After Dark	After Dark
Princess Ellen	Princess Ellen	Princess Ellen	Princess Ellen
Outsider: Princess Ellen.	Outsider: Princess Ellen.	Outsider: Princess Ellen.	Outsider: Princess Ellen.

TODAY'S TEASER TIP
for the 6th race
This one should be gone with the wind.

"FRENCH ATTACK LIBYAN VILLAGE"

Benghazi, Oct. 4.
French forces attacked and destroyed a Libyan Army village on the Libyan-Algerian border yesterday, Libyan sources alleged today. The village of Yasin in the Forzan area was hit by air and land attacks, the sources said. It was not immediately known how many persons were injured or killed.

According to the report, a Libyan Army unit stationed in the area counter-attacked and engaged in battle with French infantry and armoured cars.

French units occupied the village and at last reports still were in control.—United Press.

S.E.C.
For a short period, commencing October 7th, our Showroom premises in the Alexandra House Arcade will be devoted entirely to the display of

EXHIBITION

a small representation selection of equipment from our light industrial range. All members of the middle class are most cordially invited to visit our showrooms over this period.

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Twice Weekly To
TOKYO EUROPE INDIA
Super-G Constellation speed & Radar comfort
Choice of First & Tourist Class
Every First Class seat a full Stamberette

World's Biggest Omelette
Bordeaux, Oct. 4.
The town of Saint Bathemery Dagenais, near Bordeaux, was wondering today what to do with the "world's biggest omelette" made involuntarily with 18,000 dozen eggs.

A fire broke out at a frozen storage plant containing the eggs yesterday, and demolished it.

The "omelette" and other damages were estimated at about 7 million francs (\$20,000).—France-Press.

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KING'S PRINCESS TO-DAY

JOHN GREGSON
BELINDA LEE
CYRIL CUSACK



Written and produced by EMERIC PRESSBURGER Directed by JULIAN ARNOLD EASTMAN COLOUR

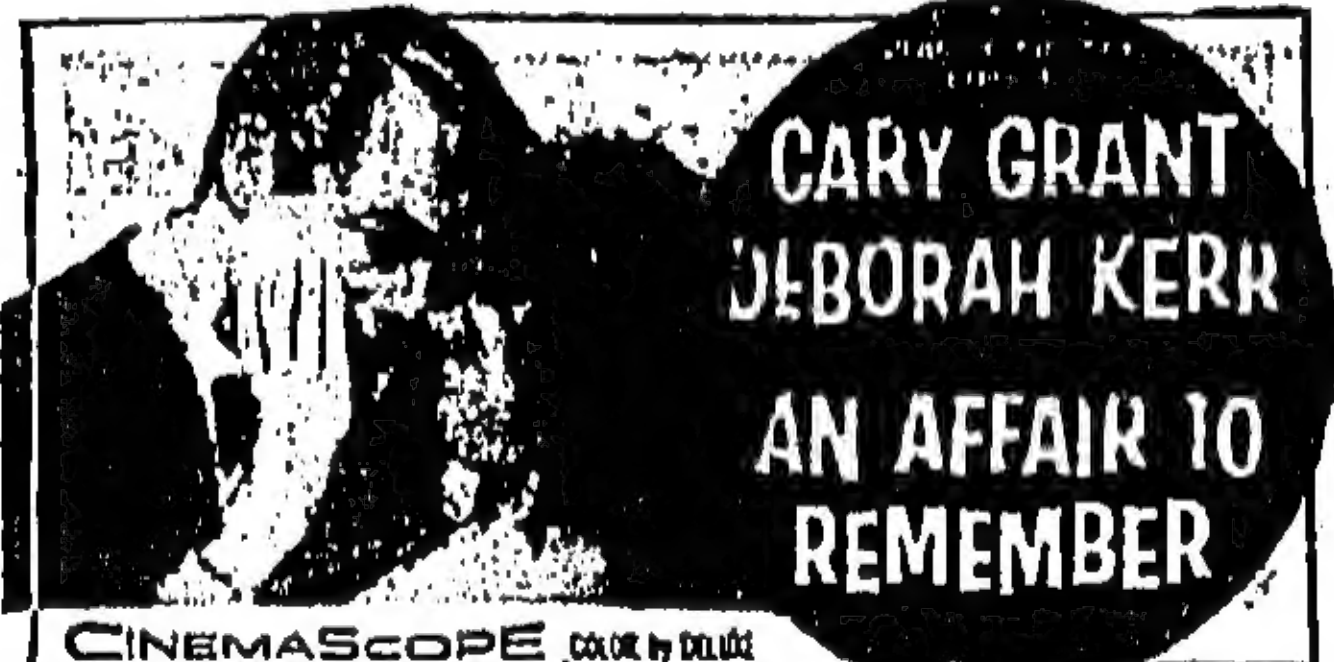
Look at the title. Miracle! And what do I find? A second-hand shot from Hollywood which originated in "The Bells of St Mary's".

EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
KING'S at 11.00 a.m. || PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m.
M-G-M presents
"Tom & Jerry" Technicolor Cartoons
At Reduced Prices

PRINCESS SPECIAL MATINEE
To-morrow at 12.30 p.m.
Warner Bros. present
Henry Fonda • James Cagney • William Powell
in "MISTER ROBERTS"
in Cinemascope & Warnercolor
At Reduced Prices

KING'S SPECIAL MATINEE
To-morrow at 12.10 p.m.
The Newest Theme With A Novel Story From India
A Bold Answer to People Who Don't Believe in Re-incarnation
"MEENAAR"
Starring: Bina Rai (Aurat Girl) Bharat Bhosani
Pran, Soila Ramani
Admission: \$3.50, \$2.40, \$1.50

ROXY & BROADWAY
3rd SENSATIONAL WEEK!
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AT 2.30, 5.10, 7.30 & 9.45 P.M.
THEY LOVED EVERYWHERE—WITH A LOVE GLORIOUS AND UNFORGETTABLE!



The Love Story with the Biggest Heart in the World!

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon || BROADWAY: At 12.15 p.m.
20th Century-Fox presents in Cinemascope & Color
"THE RAINS OF RANCHIPUR"
Starring: Lana TURNER • Richard BURTON
At Reduced Prices
BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 11.00 a.m.
FOX TECHNICAL COLOR CARTOONS
At Reduced Prices
★ NEXT CHANGE ★

THE UNKNOWN TERROR
A gripping drama of the sea!
TREVOR HOWARD ARMENDARIZ MARTINELLI
COMING ATTRACTION

A gripping drama of the sea!
TREVOR HOWARD ARMENDARIZ MARTINELLI
"Manuela"
A 20th Century-Fox Release
Distributed by LION INTERNATIONAL FILMS LTD.
WATCH FOR THE GRAND OPENING DATE!

FILMS CURRENT & COMING by ANTHONY FULLER

Miracle in Soho:
"Miracle in Soho" the J. Arthur Rank film now showing at the King's and Princess is one of Pine-wood's prestige pictures. Rank's tell me the film is 8,862 feet in length, and I tell them there is disappointment in every inch of it. Perhaps I expected too much, but then I feel I had every right so to do.

Look at the title. Miracle! And what do I find? A second-hand shot from Hollywood which originated in "The Bells of St Mary's".

Soho! There's magic in the word for one who really knows Soho. Chorus girls and War Cry sellers; poets and plump; bullet-shoes and coshes; lemonade and reefs; chateaus and dops; a place as cosmopolitan as the universe; and unless you know it, as dull as ditchwater.

Mr Pressburger wrote the script and produced the picture. The only comment I will permit myself on that, is the title is magnificent; it promises everything.

The second thing is, it is produced in colour. Why? Soho, in spite of its name is no sun-drenched Latin quarter. But for those who really know it, it has more romance than a dozen places with equally exciting names.

What's it all about? A little Italian girl falls in love with road-drill wielding Casanova. She prays St Anthony to work a miracle to send him back, no St Anthony coming by bursting a water main, thus necessitating the road-mender's attention.

Only the superb acting of John Gregson as the heart and asphalt breaker saves this trite stuff from deteriorating into an hour and a half of tedious is so out of character. Gregson would collect more thick ears than hearts in Soho with his great lower line.

A third mention is Wilfrid Lawson. He plays his part

and speaks his lines in just the same manner as he did when he stopped Pygmalion with his powerful interpretation of Doolittle, the amoral durnan.

The second scene I wish to mention is the invocation of St Anthony. The shot is again stolen right from Hollywood, lines of candles as well, plus the lips moving silently in prayer.

Now naturally, I wish I could say of every British picture that it is great, superb, exquisite, in other words exhaust all my superlatives. I cannot of this.

Flight To Hongkong:
How much of this Hongkong you recognise depends entirely upon the kind of life you lead, I suppose. "Flight To Hongkong" now showing at the Star and Metropole is a vicious bit of violence featuring Hongkong as one of the sin-capitals of the world. What that adds up to I don't know.

You can't criticise a film of this type simply because it doesn't call for any analysis of the qualities that make a work of art. For instance, it is a pulp magazine type of story. You don't criticise it, you just say "pulp" and immediately people know what you mean. Unfortunately, we have no word in the film vocabulary to connote such qualities. I rather than that you either like or dislike this kind of film.

Rory Calhoun is a member of an international diamond smuggling syndicate, and is based on Hongkong. That gives you local interest. You'll see the Jockey Club, you will see the "A Face in the Crowd" and "The Beach" and "The Kingdom of Ballyhoo, Hollywood. None knows better than he the value of good publicity which passes these days for genius.

Documentary
In the hands of Ella Kazan, this story becomes a dramatic story or a social documentary. In "A Face in the Crowd" now showing at the Queen's and Alhambra, Andy Griffith plays a tramp who is discovered for TV by Pat Neal. Only once in my life have I seen a film star played into keep by a pack of fans, and to this day I cannot understand what uncanny power possesses such people to send them clanking and clanking at a person who up to that moment has existed merely as a celluloid ghost.

This film brings out such scenes with terrifying reality. But best of all, it evaluates the properties of such ephemeral glory. How hard they fall when they come toppling down.

It only remains to be said that Kazan's casting gives this film a realism. I don't pretend that it is everyone's film, but those who concern themselves with social problems will find it an important picture.

Synonym
If I were a city father, I should certainly ask the next film company that arrives here to make a film without dope or smuggling for its theme. I can assure you that Hongkong is becoming a synonym for these two things.

You remember Miss Judy Lawton, no doubt. She was Miss

Hongkong 1953. She has a small part in this film as an air hostess.

Dual Purpose
"A Face in the Crowd" also presents me with difficulties. I do not wish to point out what is obvious, at the same time I cannot allow the importance of such a picture to pass without comment.

Permit me to point out that many works of art serve a dual purpose. A book, for instance, can both tell a good story and at the same time make a significant social comment.

Now "A Face in the Crowd" comes from the pen of that extremely clever American writer, Budd Schulberg, and I can think of nothing that Schulberg has written that has not censured some aspect of the American way of life. I had better add that while America is his locale, his application is universal for he deals with human nature.

What he is getting at here is the mob hysteria which overnight makes or breaks a man. The medium in this case is television. Schulberg is saying, "You, the people, with your stupid idolizing of your stars who shoot through the sky for a brief moment, are fools."

Now none knows more about screaming hysterical fans than does Budd Schulberg, for his childhood was spent in the Kingdom of Ballyhoo, Hollywood. None knows better than he the value of good publicity which passes these days for genius.

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QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

★ GRAND OPENING TO-DAY ★



SUNDAY MORNING SHOWS
QUEEN'S At 11.30 a.m. ALHAMBRA At 11.00 a.m.
Clark Gable • Susan Hayward Walter Brooke • Eric Fleming
in "SOLDIER OF FORTUNE" (Color) in "CONQUEST OF SPACE" (Color)
AT REDUCED PRICES

STAR THEATRE METROPOLE
★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 9.30 P.M.



EXTRA! EXTRA!
ADDED: ARRIVING BY SPECIAL FLIGHT!

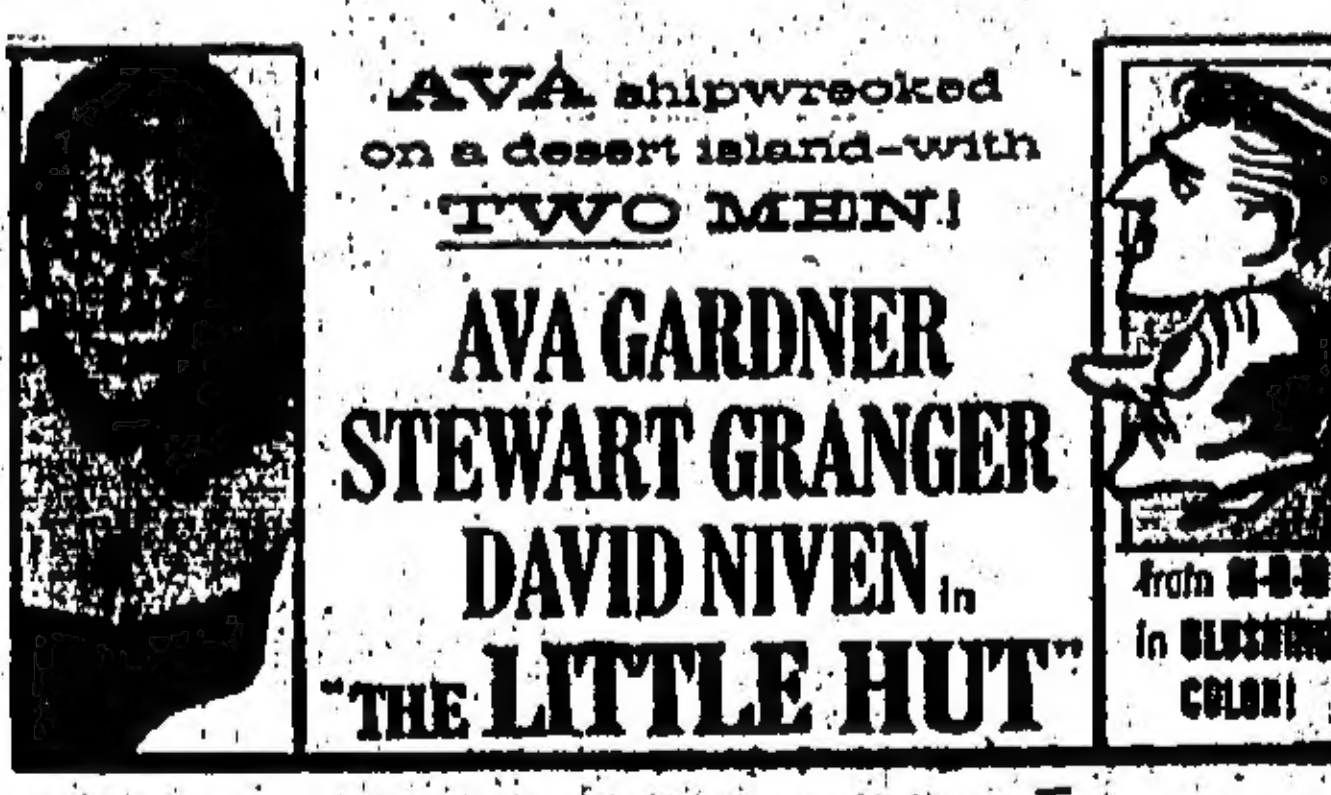
ACTION THRILLS IN SLOW MOTION! BETTER THAN RINGSIDE!
SEE IT NOW ON FILM!
ROBINSON BASILIO

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.
THREE STOOGES COMEDY & TECHNICAL CARTOONS WALT DISNEY'S
AT REDUCED PRICES

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Extra Performance of "FLIGHT TO HONG KONG" 20th Century-Fox presents In Cinemascope & Color "THE GIRL IN THE RED VELVET SWING" Starring: Ray Milland • Joan Collins — At Reduced Prices —

HOOPER: LIBERTY
CAUSEWAY BAY TEL 78571 KOWLOON TEL 6048 60248

NOW PLAYING! 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



SUNDAY MATINEE at 12.00 Noon Reduced Admission
HOOPER THEATRE M-G-M's Assorted COLOR CARTOONS
LIBERTY THEATRE Walt Disney's "THE VANISHING PRAIRIE" In Technicolor

CHAMPAGNE HAIRDRESSING SALOON
BEAUTY PARLOUR FROM SHANGHAI FOR LADIES & GENTLEMEN

* Air-conditioned * Latest Equipment * Up-to-date Hair-do vogue * Excellent Service
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Special Quick Service — Especially for You



Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

BOYS PUT
SABRINA
ABOVE
MOTHER

London. Who is every schoolboy's heroine today? When 400 were asked to name their choice Florence Nightingale topped the list, with Joan of Arc second.

Then—surprise, surprise—came yes,



Sabrina

She won third place from "Mother."

Jayne Mansfield, Brigitte Bardot, and Diana Dors were fifth, sixth, and seventh.

But Sabrina and Jayne Mansfield were not included when the boys—at Redruth County Grammar School, Cornwall—were asked for their favourite actresses. Brigitte Bardot was the choice, with Diana Dors second.

Who is every schoolboy's hero? Top of the list was—



Group Capt. Douglas Bader

Sir Winston Churchill was second, with Nelson and Stanley Matthews tying for third place.

Fourth and fifth were Elvis Presley and Tommy Steele.

SHUT-EYE
SHEEP
DO SLEEP

London. The age-old theory that sheep do not sleep throughout their lives was blown sky-high last week.

They DO sleep—and so soundly it almost needs an alarm-clock to wake them. Research workers at Aberdeen University Farm found it out after painstaking observations. And their representative, Dr. Joan Murray, told the British Association about it in Dublin.

She produced pictures of a sheep so soundly asleep, a dog was able to creep up and lie alongside it.

ALARM CLOCK

She said that other sheep under observation did not wake up even when their favourite foods—linseed cake or chocolate—were waved under their noses.

Even a loud-ticking alarm clock placed close to their ears did not disturb them. Just one noise startled them, no matter how soundly they are sleeping—the striking of a match.

How do they sleep? Like humans they favour different postures. Some lie on their sides, some curl up. But they never lie on their backs. UNTIL NOW scientists thought sheep did not sleep because (a) grass is such poor food they have to chew the cud all night and (b) they had to be constantly on the alert in case attacked.

WORDS-WORTH

Chicago. Mrs. Sylvia S. Russo, a school teacher, is getting her words-worth.

She enrolled in a "read for speed" course at the University of Chicago and set a new record for reading comprehension, 1,776 words a minute.—United Press.

WIFE KNITS ICE MAN VEST IN WIRE

London. ONE row plain... one row purl... so it went on for 80 hard-knitting hours for housewife Mrs. Jacqueline Adam.

She was making a set of vest and pants for her husband.

The end product was the nattiest set of vest and pants a husband has ever got from his wife. For her needles were No. 4's—large—and her "wool" an electrician's 700-yard reel of plastic-covered wire.

'Love In Every Stitch'

The suit—"there was love in every stitch"—will be one of six used in Antarctic experiments in November, taking a leading part in testing body temperatures.

Two doctors are going from England to the American Antarctic base on a National Institute of Medical Research expedition. Dr. Griffith Pugh, 47, and Major James Adam, a 37-year-old Regular Army physiologist, with three American colleagues will

test the reactions of the human body under extreme cold.

Scientist Mr. Heins Wolf, of Hampstead, invented a "suit" for them—the vest and pants. They run off a battery and enable body temperature to be easily checked at one point instead of thermometers having to be placed all over the body.

His wife Joan, 20, experimented with the tricky plastic wire. But she is no knitter.

In stepped Mrs. Adam, the major's 26-year-old French-born wife.

"I do an awful lot for my husband and our two young children but this was a very hard job," she said when the vests and pants were demonstrated in London.

"The worst part was the talcum powder. We had to use that as a lubricant. It was all over the place."

The second and third sets for her husband took only 60 hours each. Now her next job is to knit three more for Dr. Pugh.

NEIGHBOUR
FED BABY
THROUGH
LETTERBOX

London. A baby, left alone in a house for four hours, was fed by a neighbour who pushed biscuits and milk through the letter-box.

Last week the baby's father, 35-year-old labourer Robert Brown, of no fixed address, was gaoled for six months for wilfully neglecting his six daughters aged between 18 months and 12 years.

His oldest daughter, Margaret, told South Shields magistrates that her father got her out of bed at 2 am to cook him a meal while her mother was working.

She also told of other occasions when he twisted her arms behind her back and hit her near the eye with some garden shears. Once, she said, he turned her barefooted into the street with her mother at 2 a.m.

Extra treats

A next-door neighbour said she was told by a painter that the baby was crying after being alone in the house, since morning.

"I gave the child some milk in a miniature whiskey bottle and some biscuits through the letter-box," she told the court. Then she sent for the police who broke into the house.

An NSPCC inspector said the children were now in the care of the local authority. Brown, who alleged that his eldest daughter caused trouble so that her mother would give her extra treats, said he had merely given Margaret the extra responsibility normal for an eldest child.

SHOVEL
YOURSELF
A FORTUNE
CONTEST

London. The Tabloid Daily Sketch, suffering falling circulation along with all London morning newspapers introduced a "Shovel Yourself a Fortune" contest.

"Can you shovel money?" the newspaper asked in a frontpage offer.

"This newspaper has bought an immense and glittering pile of 86,000 newly minted half crowns—£10,000 worth."

"The winner of this competition will be given the chance to shovel half crowns into his for three minutes... the winner gets all the money that is in the bin at the end of that time."

"So get practising shovelers," the Sketch advised. "Try it in the garden this week-end. Or try it in the coal cellar. You'll be surprised how much you can shift in three minutes."—United Press.

Portsmouth, Ohio. Patrolman Homer Webb reported someone stole an envelope of money from the compartment on his motorcycle while he was away lagging care for overtime parking. The money consisted of contributions to the policeman's hall fund.—United Press.

STEAK
BABES!'REVOLUTION'
ON FEEDING

Five-days-old babies are being fed steak and potatoes at Lewisham Hospital in London.

The pioneer of this revolutionary idea is Dr. Bruno Gans, who also reports that he has had great success in feeding premature babies with solid foods.

The hospital's babies are spoon-fed cereal for breakfast, finely-sieved steak or fish plus two vegetables for

lunch, and stewed fruit and custard for tea.

Dr. Gans said: "I firmly believe that, under my method, a baby is happier, healthier, more alert, and more immune to disease."

"But it doesn't necessarily make the baby walk or get its teeth any earlier."

PEANUT SUITS
BECAME A
5-YEAR FLOP

London. Peanut suits are OUT. Production of a test-tube wool-like fibre made from the nuts monkeys like is ending.

So a material acclaimed by textile and fashion experts as the new thing for men's and women's clothing disappears before it has been seen by many people.

Scientists have long dreamed of a soft, warm, moth-proof synthetic wool-like fibre. It was after ten years of research and experiment that ICI opened a manufacturing plant near Dumfries, in 1951.

Envy of Paris

A vast publicity campaign heralded the advent of "Ardil". Experts predicted: "Every man will soon be wearing an 'Ardil' suit." It was a man-made answer to the shortage of high-priced natural wool.

Mr. Harold Wilson, MP, when President of the Board of Trade, had one of the first suits to be made of the fibre. As he walked down the Champs-Élysées wearing his donkey-brown coloured suit he was the envy of chic Parisians.

Jumble sale

Last week ICI announced they are closing the Dumfries plant, with its £2,000,000 worth of equipment. The 220 men who work there are being transferred or offered gratuities.

The conservative tastes of men and a steep drop in world wool prices defeated the scientists.

The Strange
Tale Of
A Cheese

London. A GROCER'S assistant at a Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk, cut open a New Zealand cheese and found—



A PAIR OF GREEN SHIRT-SLEEVES, COMPLETE WITH CUFFS AND BUTTONS.

A public health inspector condemned the cheese as unfit to eat.

THE SEQUEL

From Wellington, New Zealand, came news of a sequel.

The country's health department regards the shirt-sleeves incident as "deliberate mischief-making and a form of sabotage," said Mr. H. A. Gray, head of the department's dairy division.

And he added: "If we can trace the man responsible, we will prosecute, so that we can prove to Britain that we too will not tolerate foreign matter in our products."

PLANES
DROP
WATER
ON FIRES

Wellington.

Trials in New Zealand over many months have proved that the fiercest forest fires can be put out with water from aircraft with "merring accuracy."

Experts believe the method will lead to savings of millions of pounds in countries such as Australia and New Zealand, where there are vast forest lands often swept by fires.

Details of the method are announced in a report of the New Zealand Soil Conservation Council.

IN TWO SECONDS

Tests showed that 200 gallons of water can be delivered every 70 seconds from an airstrip up to one mile away.

In one trial at Rotorua, three Beaver aircraft showed that 200 gallons of water could be delivered in two seconds to douse "flash" fires and simulated scrub fires.

Half an acre of heavy scrub sprayed with oil and set alight was put out with six loads of water from the aircraft.

"As a fire-fighting technique the free dropping of water from aircraft has considerable possibilities," says the report.

Neighbours of Stanley F. Ezyield didn't mind as long as he confined his bird collection to 700 pigeons. But when he bought a red rooster they drew the line.

At least the pigeons slept to a reasonable hour.—United Press.

PC STOPS
A LORRY
AND 131
GET OUT

London.

Police motor-patrol man Eric Williams stopped the pea-pickers' lorry and ordered everybody off.

Then he started to count pea-pickers: One, two, three, four... It went on, he told the magistrate at Thorne, near Doncaster, to 131—eight men, 51 women, and 73 children.

"They were loading out like flowers in a vase," said PC Williams. "It was amazing."

They were so tightly packed that it was difficult to release the tailboard. They carried baskets, stools, and bags, too, and were all standing.

And 90 more

"If the tailboard had fallen or there had been a puncture there would have been a serious accident."

Another lorry behind was carrying 80 people. Ernest Smith, 29, farm foreman, of Grange Avenue, Hatfield, and George Isles, 31, driver, of Ash Hill Cottages, Hatfield, were fined £5 each for using a lorry with a dangerous number of passengers.

The owner of the lorries, farmer Edward Dixon, of Stainforth Road, Barnby Dun, was also fined £5. All pleaded not guilty.

Mr. P. Allan, defending, said both lorries were strongly built and none of the people complained of being cramped. He added: "A driver cannot control a mob of people who climb on the lorry, no matter what he says."

JACKPOT
HITS
MARTIN

New York.

Many a motorist has openly rebelled against a ticket-issuing policeman. But Patrolman Peter Martin hit the jackpot. Or, more correctly, the jackpot hit Martin.

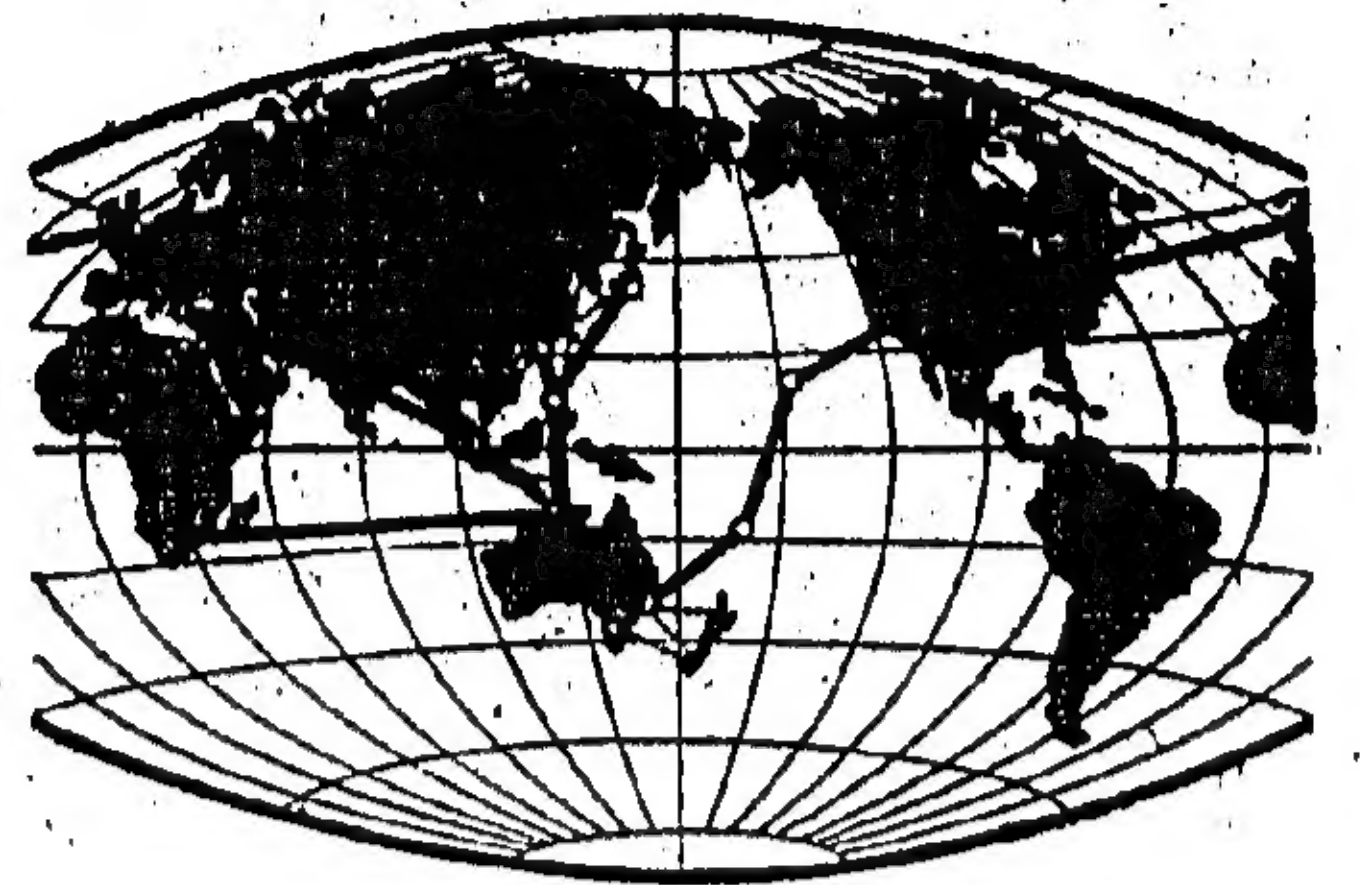
Flipping down a loaded convertible for an improper turn Martin immediately ran up into a storm of physical protest. All eight occupants—four men and four women—set upon him, the men punching and the women scratching and kicking.

Witnesses called for police reinforcements. Four additional officers arrived, just in time to catch their share of the lumps. Finally subdued, the eight civilians were booked on felonious assault charges.—United Press.

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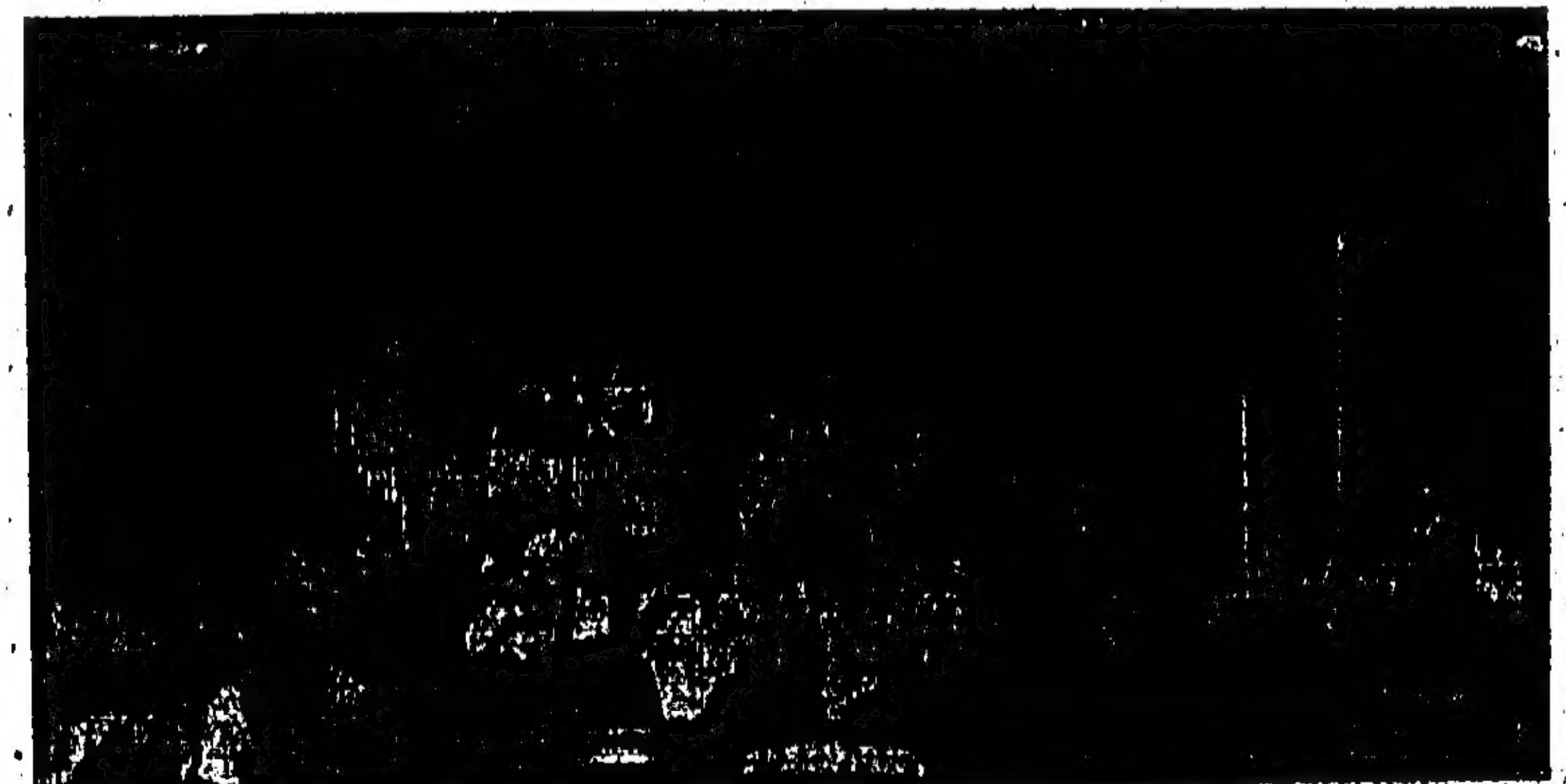
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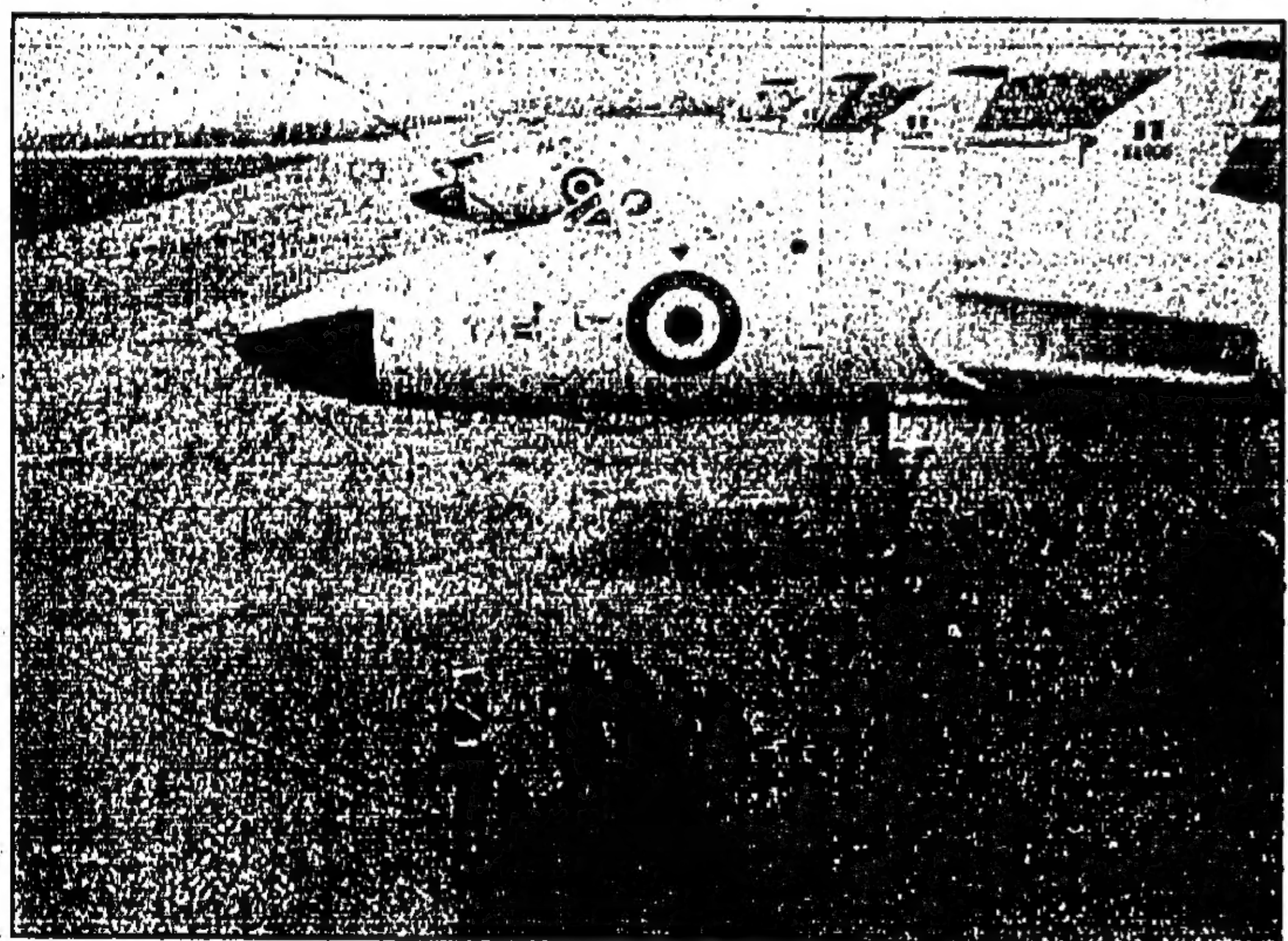


ABOVE: General HANS SPEIDEL, once one of Hitler's generals, now NATO C-in-C, and Lieut-General Sir Cyril Coleman, arrive at the Dorchester Hotel, Park Lane, before his tour of British Military establishments. EXPRESS

RIGHT: Hongkong born TSE CHIN (21)—interpreter and comper for the Chinese National Theatre at the Royal Theatre, Drury Lane. EXPRESS



RAF guard dogs are on duty guarding Britain's latest, mightiest, and possibly one of her last modern service aircraft—the Vulcan. Men of the RAF 63 Squadron are the first, No 617 Squadron "the Dam-Busters" will be the second, to be equipped with this, the world's largest delta-wing bomber. EXPRESS



RIGHT: Tell it not in Gath. Latest trade for Ireland's nobility is "Gigolo." Lord Kilbraken, author of "How to live like a Lord" will act as Jayne Mansfield's escort while she's in London. Fees are £100 and all expenses. But maybe he deserves it. She's just announced her engagement to musclemank Mikgosh Miky Hargitay. EXPRESS

BELOW: RASC Horse Transport Company ride through the hoop at Cambarley. ARMY NEWS



PRINCE CHARLES, who has since developed the flu, looked cheerful enough when he arrived by car at his new school—Cheam, near Newbury, Berkshire. He is seen shortly after arrival with his mother, father, and Mr and Mrs Beck. BELOW: But most of the other Cheam boys caught the school special train from Paddington, accompanied by the other headmaster, Mr Wheeler. EXPRESS



LEFT: Australia's youngest ever cricket captain IAN CRAIG (22) is seen leaving Southampton for South Africa where he will meet the rest of his team for a (Southern hemisphere) "summer" tour. EXPRESS



PRINCESS ILEANA OF RUMANIA, of Massachusetts, a cousin of the Queen arrives in London for a lecture tour with three of her four daughters, (from left) the Archduchess Maria Magdalena (18), Maria Ileana (23), and Alexandra (22). EXPRESS



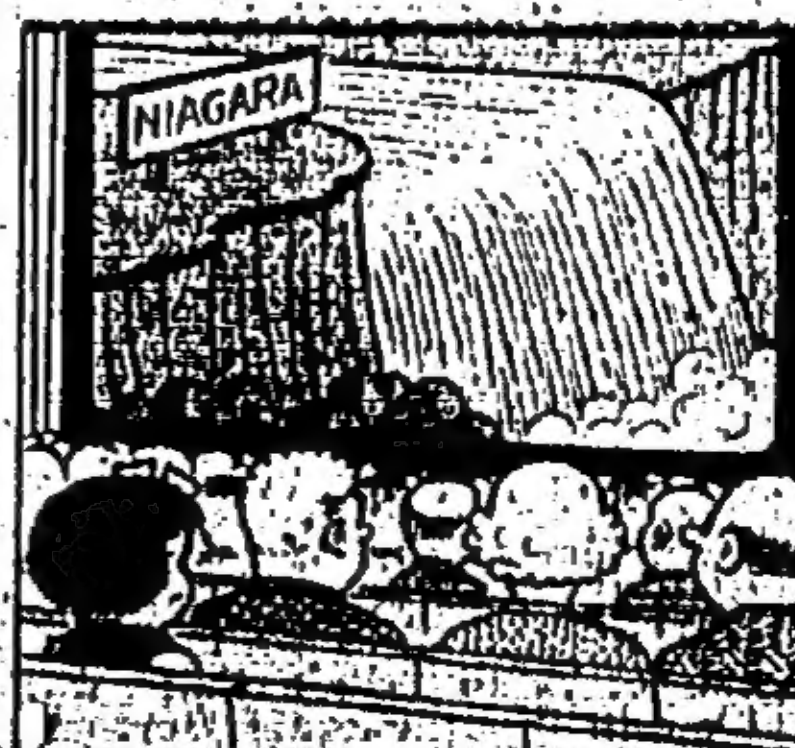
T. S. ELIOT (69) says he'll be stepping out a little more now that he's married. He's started dancing lessons. A change from the man in his rhymes.

How unpleasant to meet Mr. Eliot
With his features of clerical cut,
And his brow so grim
And his mouth so prim

And his conversation, so nicely
Restricted to What Precisely
And if and Perhaps and But...
EXPRESS

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



SHE BEAT DEATH TWICE

Ruffec, Western France.
WHEN Mary Lindell told Major "Blondie" Husler, of the Royal Marines, to cut off his moustache it nearly caused the first revolt on the escape route for British officers making for England from occupied France.

It happened in this village in the cornucopia-growing region, in 1942. The major and his batman had walked 80 miles here after a long march on U-boat pens near Bordeaux.

They were the only two survivors of a very brave attempt to escape from a prison camp. Of ten men who were put into five canoes from the British submarine "Tuna" on the night of December 7, 1942 to attack the heavily-guarded U-boat pens, two were drowned and six were shot by the Germans.

TWO SHOCKS

Twenty-eight-year-old Major Herbert George Husler and his batman, Marine W. E. Sparks, knew what they had to do to dodge German pursuit. They must find an Englishwoman, Mary Lindell, at Ruffec, and she would see they got safely through to England.

When eventually they found Mary Lindell—she was wearing French Red Cross uniform—they got two shocks.

... and showed
hundreds the
way to freedom

"What's all that stuff you have with you?" she asked.

"That's our kit; we must turn it in when we get back to Portsmouth," said Major Husler sturdily.

"You'll turn it out," said Mary Lindell firmly. "And another thing..."

TURNED PALE

Here she looked ominously at Major Husler's moustache, something in the handlebar line to make even the R.A.F. envious. "THAT must come off."

She did what no German had succeeded in doing—make the major turn pale. He was handed a pair of nail scissors.

"It will be years before I can grow another one like that," he said as he finally looked at his face in the mirror.

From Ruffec the Marines were taken to Lyons, and escaped over the Pyrenees to Andorra and Spain.

For Mary Lindell, known to French patriots from Paris to the Pyrenees under the name of "Marie Claire," it was just one episode of a war in which she was twice left for dead, twice arrested by the Germans, sentenced to death and finally sent

to the dreaded Ravensbrück Camp.

English by birth, a French citizen by marriage, she took a Red Cross convoy through the German lines to Southern France in 1940—and then took up resistance work, in which her two young sons joined.

In 1942 she was left for dead in a field with six broken ribs and a broken collar-bone after being caught by the enemy

while crossing the line between occupied and unoccupied France. She was saved by a de Gaulle doctor.

When she was finally caught, at Pau, an R.A.F. escape route center, in November, 1943, she jumped from the German train as her guard fired at her and was knocked out by a bullet. It grazed the back of her head.

Her friends believed her dead, as their last report was that the

Germans had been seen carrying the body away from the railway line. Not until Ravensbrück Camp was liberated in 1945 did they know she had survived.

Mary Lindell was the woman escort who took six escaping squadron leaders to Poix by train on their way over the Pyrenees.

All went well with the six squadron leaders, and with other

THEY SLID ON THEIR PANTS TO SAFETY

BEHIND these towering 9,500ft. peaks in the Pyrenees lay the escape path for R.A.F. men

into Andorra from France. Once over the mountain passes they had to descend the steep gradients on the other side—often on the seat of their pants when walking was impossible.

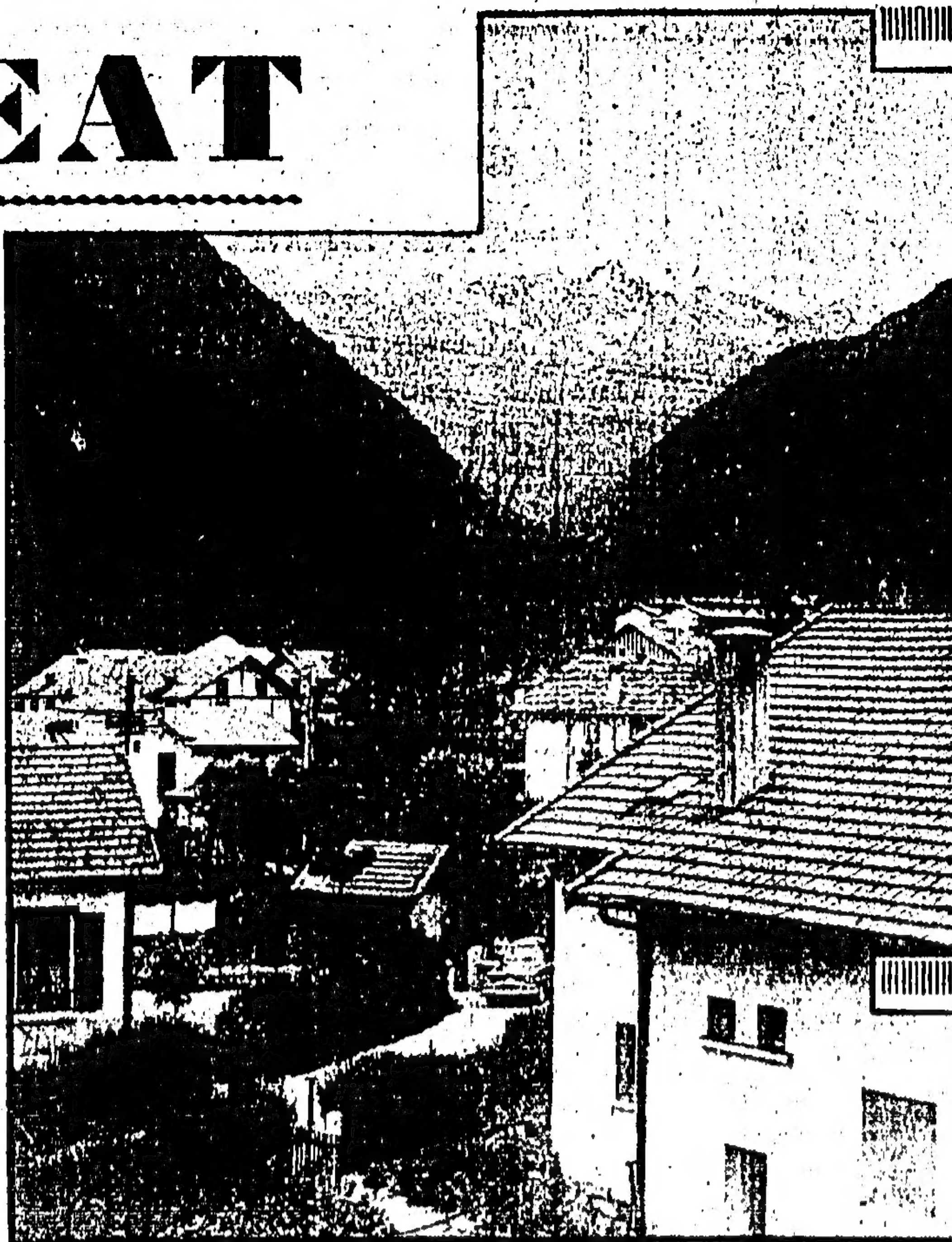
Guardian angel was resistance leader Mary Lindell (above), who escorted our men to the foot of the mountains. This article concludes the series...



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by

FRANK TOLE



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WITH ONLY THREE WEEKS BEFORE THE BIG VISIT...

Who's busy writing what the Queen will say?

FOR MY MONEY, THESE ARE THE PEOPLE FOR THE JOB...



MITFORD NANCY DU MAURIER DAPHNE LANE MARGARET

by TOM POCOCK

These are Lieut.-Colonel Sir Michael Adair, Lieut.-Colonel Martin Charteris, and Major Edward Ford.

All three are Old Etonians, had good war records, and Major Ford was an Oxford scholar and, as he lists among his qualifications, a tutor to ex-King Farouk of Egypt.

Hack

FROM time to time others are called in to help. Perhaps the most notable of these is a 61-year-old journalist called Dermot Morrah.

For a quarter of a century Mr Morrah has been writing splendidly sonorous prose for The Times, and is an authority on heraldry.

Thus he achieved a remarkable scoop by covering the Queen's Coronation ceremony both as a newspaper reporter and as Arrindell Herald Extraordinary.

He is also Crawley's keenest rival in the production of chatty literature about the Royal Family.

But Arrindell Herald Extraordinary has, for some time, also been Ghost-Writer Extraordinary. He has written some of the most important royal speeches and announcements.

Mr Morrah's rolling sentences ring grandly through the columns of The Times, but from the mouth of a young and attractive woman they are apt to sound a little incongruous.

Dignity

THERE are times, I am sure, when a royal speech needs a serious, scholarly, even severe and haughty, touch. Royal dignity must never be lost.

Never should the Queen be asked to become another Lady Burrell.

But, during the Queen's visit to the United States, a new approach will be needed and, one hopes, provided.

Must the young Queen's speeches be written by men? Even by brave, cruddle, scholarly men?

Why can they not be written by women?

In all seriousness I put forward the suggestion that some of the best British women writers be given, as in anonymous but significant honour, the task of assisting with the writing of the Queen's speeches.

Names come instantly to mind.

The Countess of Huntingdon, Lady Browning, and Mrs Peter Rodd, for example. They are better known as Margaret Lane, Daphne du Maurier, and Nancy Mitford.

All of them are writers with both a sense of history and inbred knowledge of manners, protocol, and diplomacy.

Sincerity

THEN there is Dorothy Sayers, who can write about religion with sincerity and understanding.

Both Veronica Wedgwood and Cecil Woodham-Smith are women who can write with wit and knowledge.

From the heights of Dame Edith Sitwell and Rose Macaulay down through the universities and Fleet Street itself there are women capable of such service and, I believe, worthy of this honour.

But perhaps, it would be best of all, if during the American tour, there could be times when nobody spoke into the microphone but the Queen herself.

A carefully prepared speech may be necessary for addresses to the United Nations in New York or the Pilgrims or the English-Speaking Union.

But to speak to the brave, generous heart of America, two minutes' spontaneous, unprompted speaking by the Queen will be worth all the silver-tongued speeches of diplomacy.

THERE'S NO NEED TO BE SUNK IN GLOOM AFTER THE BANK RATE SHOCK

by BERNARD HARRIS

WHAT exactly does the economic future hold for Britain? That is the question which must be nagging at the minds of many thousands of people.

It could hardly be otherwise.

For there is scarcely a section of the community which has not already taken a hard knock. Or is not about to take one.

THINK of the small investors—perhaps a widow with her £2,000 savings invested in British Government securities. Now she sees something like £200 clipped off the value of her investment.

THINK of the house buyers—the family man who is buying a home through a building society and is already living up to the limit of his income. Soon he will have to pinch and scrape to meet an increase in his mortgage payments.

THINK of the folk who plan to buy cookers or vacuum cleaners or motor-cars on hire-purchase. They, too, will have bigger bills to meet.

THINK of the business man who wants money to extend his workshop or factory. Now the chances are his bank will turn him away, even if he could afford the luxury of paying 8 per cent for a loan.

THINK of the man who worries whether his job will last now that a "go-slow" has been ordered in housing and other building programmes.

Every year

IT is not to be wondered at if these people and many others feel a little bleakly about the outlook. They may look back at the years since the war and recall that there has hardly been a year without a crisis or a threat of one.

Some may bring back to mind Sir Stafford Cripps' statement about Britain "littered from crisis to crisis, moving from one expedient to another." And they may ask themselves

In the skill and ingenuity of her workpeople Britain has an asset unexcelled by any other country.

Why, then, has this present crisis come upon us?

The first reason is that bankers and currency speculators have been taking money away from London to lodge it in Germany.

They believe German marks are better to hold than pound sterling. Not merely because

we are sure they will soon come running back to London.

Just watch that barometer of the pound. It has already moved up fractionally. Be sure it will move up further as the absolute firmness of our resolve not to devalue becomes more widely understood.

Boom ending?

A SECOND reason why the pound has come under attack is the belief that the American boom is running out of steam.

But what, you may ask, has that got to do with us?

Simply this. We depend on our trade with America to earn dollars to buy the food and the goods which cannot be bought with sterling.

A slump there would inevitably mean a slump in Britain.

So if it were true that America is now poised on the edge of a slump, then there would be real and genuine cause for alarm.

But is there going to be a slump in the U.S.? The chances are remote. For the one thing the Americans are determined never to face again is large-scale unemployment.

Certainly in the last month or two American business has been slowing down. Industrial output is below the end-1956 level. The steelworks and car plants are operating at well below capacity. Sales of household goods have taken a tumble. Fewer houses are being built.

A Plan

BUT this is a contrived recession. It has been deliberately engineered to check the inflation which is hitting the U.S. just as it is hitting us.

How has it been done? By the Government trimming its defence spending. By making money more expensive to borrow.

When the Government's money managers decide to take off the brakes the recession will end. By next year business will almost certainly be moving up again.

So there is no reason whatever to fear that the U.S. is about to drag us into trouble. But, of course, there is no joy in being so dependent on what happens across the Atlantic. Everybody would be happier and our whole future would be more assured if we could insulate ourselves against trade up-and-downs in the U.S.

Can it be done? Is there a way out of this dependence? Can we make our economic defences impregnable? Can we avoid these recurrent crisis threats?

No doubt at all.

The way is indicated at the picturesque resort in Canada's Laurentian Mountains. Its name? Mont Tremblant.

Starting point

HITHERTO this small place—85 miles to the north-west of Montreal—has been remarkable only as a fine centre for skiing enthusiasts.

BUT IT COULD GO DOWN TO HISTORY AS THE SPOT WHERE BRITAIN LAID NEW AND FIRMER FOUNDATIONS FOR PROSPERITY.

For it is there that the Empire Finance Ministers, fresh from the World Bank meetings in Washington, are gathered together with Mr John Diefenbaker, Canada's new Prime Minister, to discuss his plans for increased Empire trade.

Mr Diefenbaker had hardly taken up office before he suggested that 15% of Canada's imports from the U.S. should be bought instead from Britain.

If that were done, Britain's exports to Canada would be substantially more than doubled.

The appalling thing is that only now are we showing signs of acting 14 years ago. We had had the vision and the drive and the energy to seize the magnificent opportunities offered in the Dominion—no should not now be in the mess in which we find ourselves.

For look at the ground we have lost to the Americans. Last year they sold to Canada goods worth £87 per head of the Canadian population, against £80 in 1955.

And how much did we sell? A mere £11 per head, compared with £9 in 1955.

Shame!

THOSE figures should shame us all. Certainly they should shame Mr Thorneycroft, Sir David Eccles, and Mr Maudling who run up our team at Mont Tremblant.

IF THESE MEN CAN CLEAR THEIR HEADS OF EUROPEAN FREE TRADE MOONSHINE AND BE INSPIRED INSTEAD WITH THE EMPIRE VISION BRITAIN CAN BE IMMENSELY STRENGTHENED.

We can close the dollar gap for good and all. We can act aside all fears of the pound plunging into a second "do-or-die" and rid ourselves of this recurrent nightmare of crisis after crisis.

The seeds

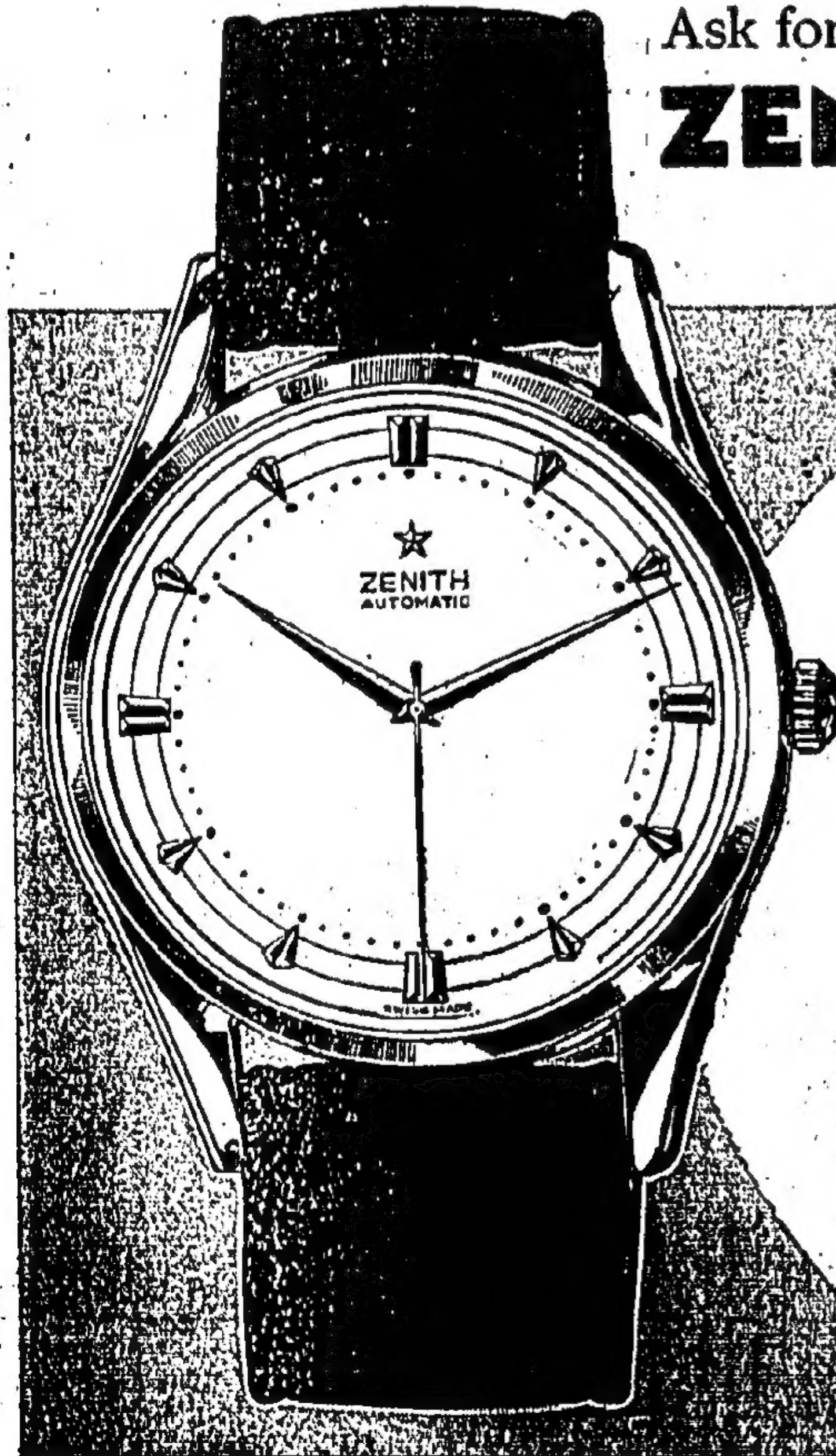
IF the will and the resolution are there, Mont Tremblant could mark a turning-point in the fortunes of us all.

In that tiny Canadian resort there could be sown the seeds of a greater prosperity and more assured future than we have ever known.

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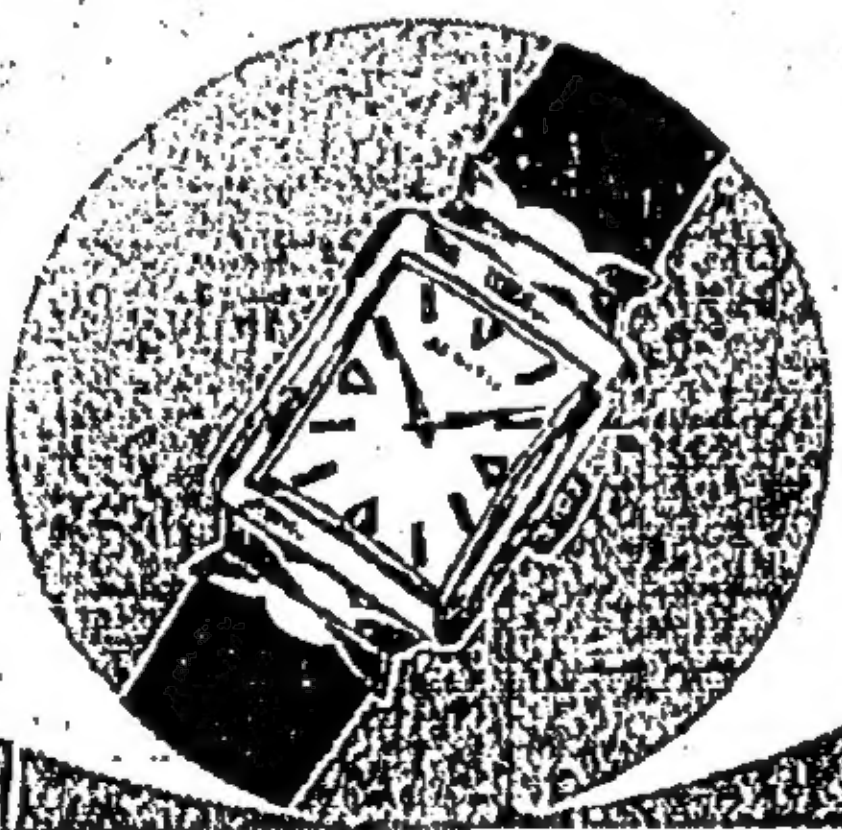
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CURRENCY BLUES

whether there is ever going to be an end to it.

I can picture the father of the family carving the joint today and brooding over what he believes to be his wife's unspoken questions—

Can there ever be a secure future in Britain? Can I be sure there will always be a job for my husband? And for my boys when they leave school? Can there be hope that money will keep its value from year to year?

I can understand the feelings of those who worry. But I am not among them.

Weak? No

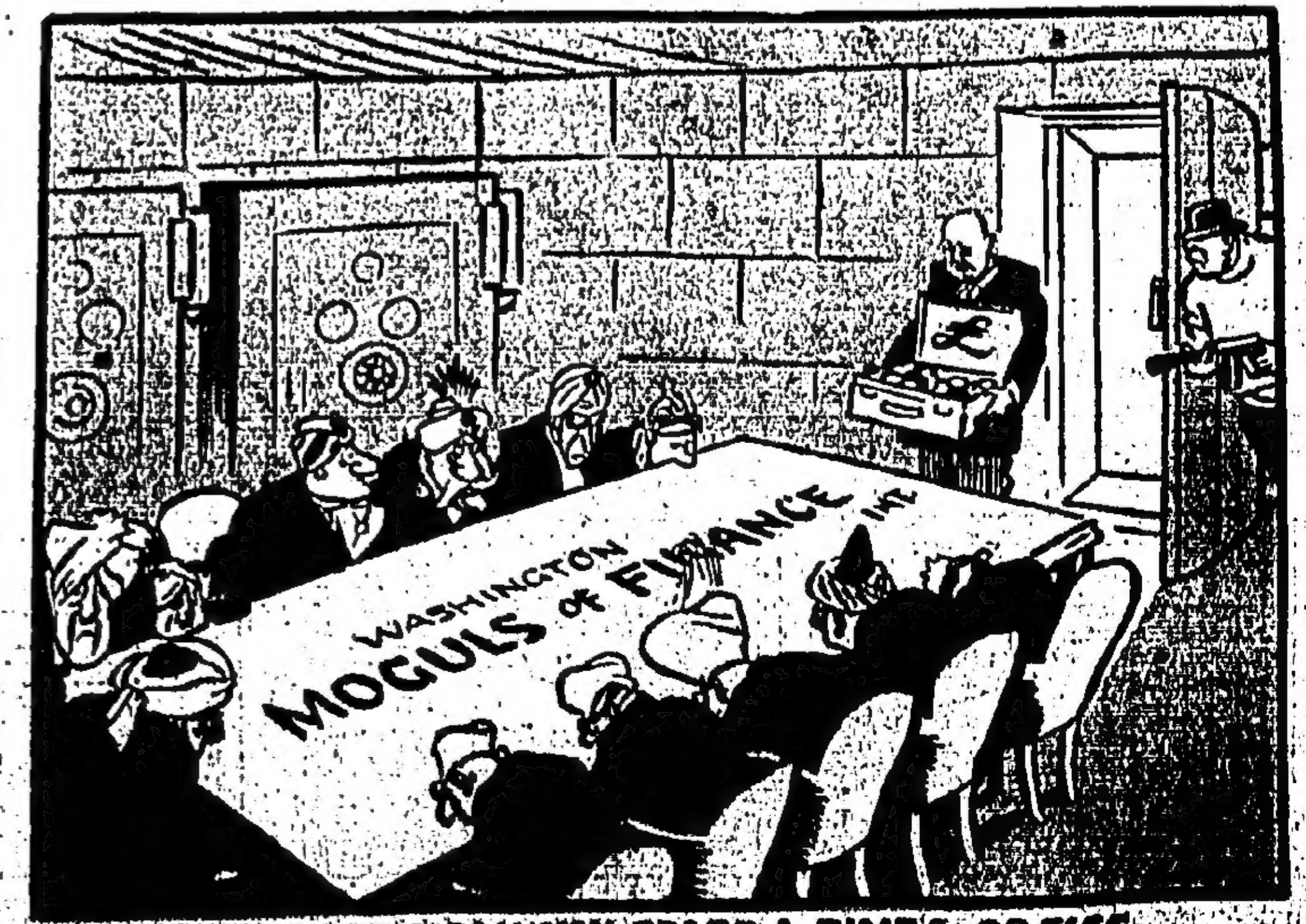
I THINK the worst possible service anyone could do at this moment is to overestimate the seriousness of the crisis or to underestimate Britain's capacity for recovery.

Let us look at things with a proper sense of proportion. This crisis has not come upon us because Britain is weak or prostrate.

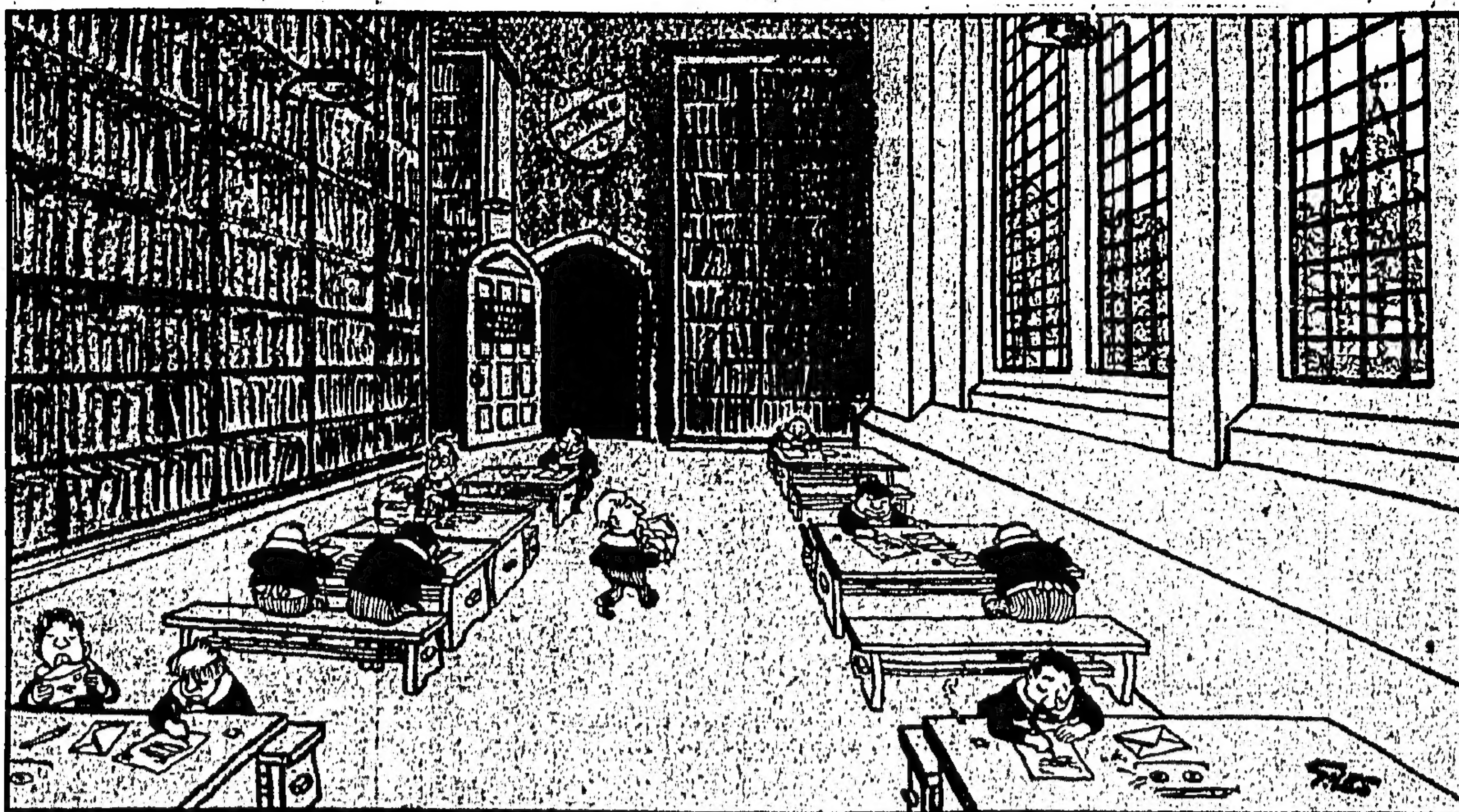
We are not heading for national bankruptcy. We are not threatened with a return of the dole queues of the early 1930's.

WE ARE NOT PLUNGING INTO DEBT. WE ARE PAYING OUR WAY IN THE WORLD. IN MANY DIRECTIONS WE ARE DOING MAGNIFICENTLY—IN AIRCRAFT, IN THE SHIPYARDS.

A fine buoyant spirit runs through the car factories. The brawny men in the steelworks are setting up new output records. Even the miners are digging more coal than last year.



BUDDY CAN YOU SPARE A DIME? OR ELSE!



...and so, dear Father, in view of the Chancellor's call for stringent economy I fear it would be incompatible with his request for me to advance you a small loan until Friday, even at the tempting offer of 7% interest. Your affectionate son...

The man who has made Ike a 'Lincoln'

from CHRISTOPHER DOBSON

NEW YORK THEY say he is a nice little man but with a distressing tendency to belch in public.

He is a hillbilly from the Little Abner and Erskine Caldwell country.

His mother's gravestone bears the legend "Mother of seven." The oldest became Governor of Arkansas.

That is Orval Faubus, who is Governor of Arkansas. The man who in these past few days has brought the South to where it was a hundred years ago—to the start of one of the bitterest civil wars ever fought.

The man who has forced President Eisenhower to drop his golf-playing holiday and assume the mantle of Lincoln.

Rampage

IT is Faubus who has roused the crusade in Eisenhower just when the President seemed resigned to sit out the remnants of his official life as quietly as possible.

But now like is on the rampage, as angry as he has ever been, as determined as Lincoln ever was that the South must succumb to the authority of the Government of the United States.

Who then is this man? How, when, why does a man become an Orval Faubus, a man who mired the name of the United States throughout the world and who has done more harm to America's cause than a dozen of even John Foster Dulles's most ham-handed blunders?

Rifles

HE came from the depths of the Ozark Hills—wild, rugged country, beautiful country but poor, desperately poor, where the moonshiners still fight off the revenue men with long-barrelled rifles.

In a rough wooden cabin at a place called Greasy Creek, Orval Faubus was born 47 years ago. In Europe his people would be called peasants.

They grubbed a living from the mudlarks along the creek valley where the fog crept at night and the timber wolves howled.

He worked on the farm and, says his arthritis-crippled father, "He was different to most boys. Kids like to get into mischief but all he ever did was read books. He never done anything if he couldn't do it perfectly. You'd never find a weed in his row of corn."

"Little Orval" must have changed. There are plenty of weeds in his Little Rock corn patch. So many that Eisenhower has been forced to send down his crack 101st Airborne Brigade to weed them out.

What a pretty pass it has come to. I know the 101st well. They are America's atomic airborne division. Thirteen years ago they were surrounded at Bastogne and asked to surrender. Their commander sent the classic message "Nuts."

They are good soldiers, proud men. And the stink of what they have to do today is in their nostrils—weed out Orval Faubus's offshoots.

Advice

SAYS Orval's father: "I told Orval not to hate anybody of any race."

Faubus was poor. And one of the basic causes of the white Southerner's fear of the Negro is economic fear. He thinks that if the Negro is given an equal education, equal voting rights and all the other rights which belong to a civilised community then the Negro will take the white man's job away.

But Orval clawed his way to the top. He did it the hard way with a succession of low paying jobs, then fighting his way up the political machine. And if you can do that you are tough.

Tough

ORVAL was tough. He got to the top. He was elected Governor in 1954 and again last year. And now comes the crux of Faubus.

Never once before had he shown any animosity to the Negro. Despite his Southern background, despite his poor white ancestry which might have made any other man rabidly anti-Negro from the start, Faubus claimed: "I am the most liberal Governor in the South." And he was.

But he changed. And how he changed! Almost overnight he became the hero of the most rabid Negro-haters. And why? because he found himself slipping.

He was losing his popularity. The votes were slipping away. And Orval Faubus looked at the future. He was Governor but what would happen when he was no longer Governor?

Where would he go? Certainly not back to Greasy Creek. How would he earn his living? Certainly not by hoeing rows of corn.

So Orval decided to stay where he is, at Little Rock, the Governor of Arkansas. And so he became the Orval Faubus the world knows. But he has gone too far. For Faubus there is no hope. His father shakes his head, over his son. "There's one thing Orval always hated—to be looked down on."

Dr. SALK MOVES ON

MOST delighted scientist in America at the news that Britain is now going to import the Salk anti-polio vaccine is Jonas Edward Salk.

"It is great good news," the 42-year-old dapper doctor told me when I contacted him at his laboratory in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

"I don't say that because I have any proprietary interest in it. There really isn't such a thing, medically speaking, as 'Salk vaccine.' All I did was to demonstrate that vaccination against polio was possible. From then on it was out of my hands. But I am always pleased to hear that any country is taking the fullest precautions against a polio epidemic."

"Believe me, I would be just as pleased if the British were making the vaccine out of cheese scraped from the moon."

Dr Salk is neat in appearance, precise in speech, tidy in every gesture. He could be the gay, smiling, speculatively doctor in any patent medicine advertisement.

He remains untouched and unenriched by his world fame. "Naturally when you first inoculate children against polio, you don't sleep well for two or three weeks," he said. "But I had the courage of my convictions. I couldn't have recommended the vaccine unless I had been more critical of myself than others were of me. It was courage, based on confidence not on daring. And I was confidence based on ex-

perience. The vaccine has now been tried in Australia, America, Canada, Israel, Denmark and many other countries where it has given complete protection. It was typical of Salk that his own three children, whom he describes as "Little Indians," were among the first batch of volunteers to be vaccinated. He is a man who collects facts as some people collect old coins. And he never commits himself to an opinion until he is certain that every fact has been tested and proved true.

ALAN BRIEN reports from New York

A woman friend of the family in Pittsburgh said: "Once I saw me sewing a dress and wanted to know every step that went into it. Another time he admitted a dessert and insisted on a scientific formula for it. Afterwards he explained why a cake becomes a cake, chemically speaking. I think it makes him uneasy not to understand something going on around him."

Salk has finished his long arduous work on polio and is now immersed in other problems.

"I just follow my fancy until things begin to look promising. I can't tell what I am grappling

'I hope that some day I may produce something as valuable as the polio vaccine'

Fit for the Queen

MOST spectacular moment in any official tour of New York is the funeral-slow drive through the canyons of Wall Street as the tons of ticker tape snow down from the brokers' windows. This paper storm greeted Lindbergh in 1927, General Eisenhower in 1945, Sir Winston Churchill in 1940 and will blanket the Queen.

I had always admired this as an impressively spontaneous outburst of American high spirits. At the office of New York's Official Greeter, 72-year-old Commissioner Richard Patterson I discovered how carefully this demonstration must be planned.

I learned that few modern brokers, in fact, now use paper tape on their stock market machines. The share quotations

are usually printed on plastic ribbons which can be erased and re-used indefinitely. In order to obtain sufficient paper to make a Hollywood-sized downpour, a few old-fashioned brokers have been saving their paper for six months at the request of the Commissioner.

Sacks of it are collected by the City sanitation department each week and rationed out to each firm with a window overlooking the parade. When the Royal cavalcade has passed, the streets will be ankle-deep in litter. Then the same sanitation men will return with barrows and brooms and water-carts to sweep up the debris.

This is only one of the many organisation problems which daily harass the office of the Official Greeter. Even the Royal menu for luncheon at the Waldorf has been discussed and analysed and re-written by dozens of American and British officials. In the tiny print between the hors d'oeuvre and the pudding, there may lurk the cause of a diplomatic incident or at least, a social scandal. For this reason, I discovered, the entry "Tartar Sauce" was removed last week-end after much serious etymological argument.

100 baffled authors send for Mrs Saunders

WHEN I met Mrs Joan St George Saunders in her flat overlooking Pelham Crescent she was sitting behind a pile of reference books chasing up some important facts.

(a) Who manufactured the first electric light bulb?
(b) What is the latest thing in deep-sea diving equipment?
(c) Which was the first or the latest homes to be opened to the public?

Mrs Saunders was not, as one might have expected, boning up for a TV quiz programme. Nor was she trying to improve her general knowledge. She runs a European-wide organisation called Writers' and Speakers' Research, whose headquarters is the book-lined study of her own soberly elegant flat.

HOMEWORK

This is the only literary information bureau in the world and it gives her plenty of homework. "We do anything we can to help authors—except write the books for them," says Mrs Saunders, a tall, handsome woman in her early fifties with a brisk manner and sharp sense of humour.

There are well over a hundred authors—from popular historians to skin-diving experts—receiving help at the moment. To cope with inquiries, some of them highly specialised, Mrs Saunders has a reserve of 60-odd researchers on call at short notice. She also has representatives in three European capitals and in New York. "A surprising number of her researchers are young women. I have a particularly soft spot

for women graduates with babies," says this London University graduate, who has two children (now grown up) of her own. "I can only give them temporary jobs, and the pay is small—£10 for a week's work—but they do love having a chance to stretch their brains."

ALL-ROUND

Mrs Saunders herself is the only full-time researcher. She is also something of an all-round expert.

"But I started without any qualifications at all," she says cheerfully. When her husband, writer Hillary St George Saunders, former House of Commons librarian, died suddenly in 1951, she began looking round vaguely for something to do. A qualified doctor, she was considering going back into practice. "Unfortunately," my medicine was a bit rusty.

Then out of the blue a friend, writer Robert Henriques, suggested that she start an information bureau for writers like himself.

"A party of us were lunching in a restaurant," she recalls. "It was a good lunch, and we got rather carried away by the idea. I remember drafting out the circular there and then. But I didn't think the idea would catch on for a moment."

The idea has been catching on steadily for two years. Names like Peter Fleming and Andre Maurois crop up regularly on her card index. And a couple weeks' queries could be guaranteed to tie the Brains Trust in knots.

—She answers

queries that would tie the Brains Trust in knots...



Joan St. George Saunders.

by JOCASTA INNES

self in a matter of minutes. "Like finding out where the first unexploded bomb fell in London. The secret of research is knowing where to look for things," she observes.

But she also accepts gargantuan inquiries that involve six months' work by a team of a dozen researchers.

"One writer asked us to supply every known fact about Roman life in 300 A.D. That kept my classicalists busy for months. And here," she added, giving a mammoth filing cabinet a friendly kick, "we've got a whole man."

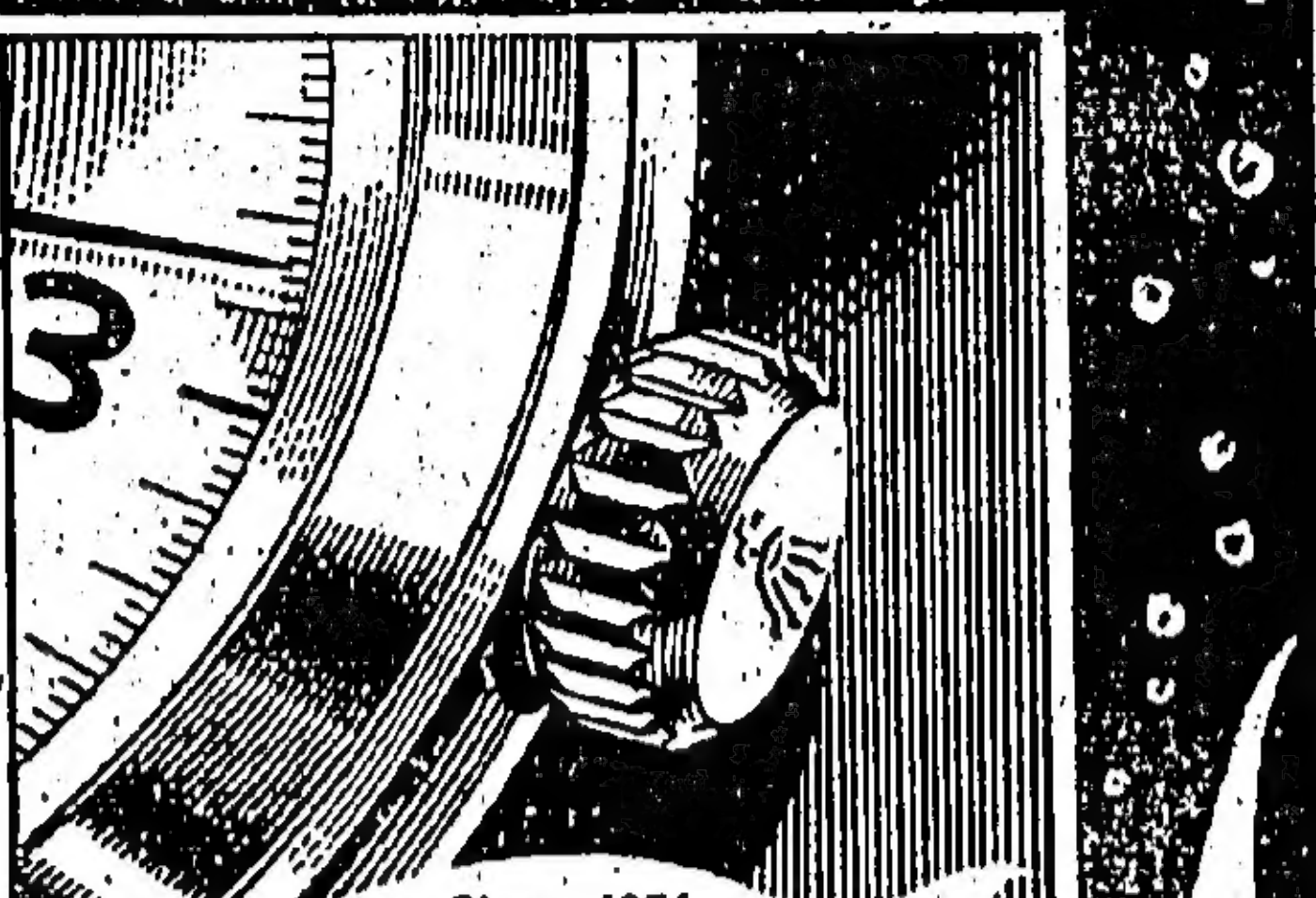
scientists," and what she calls "lunatic inquiries."

TWO PEOPLE

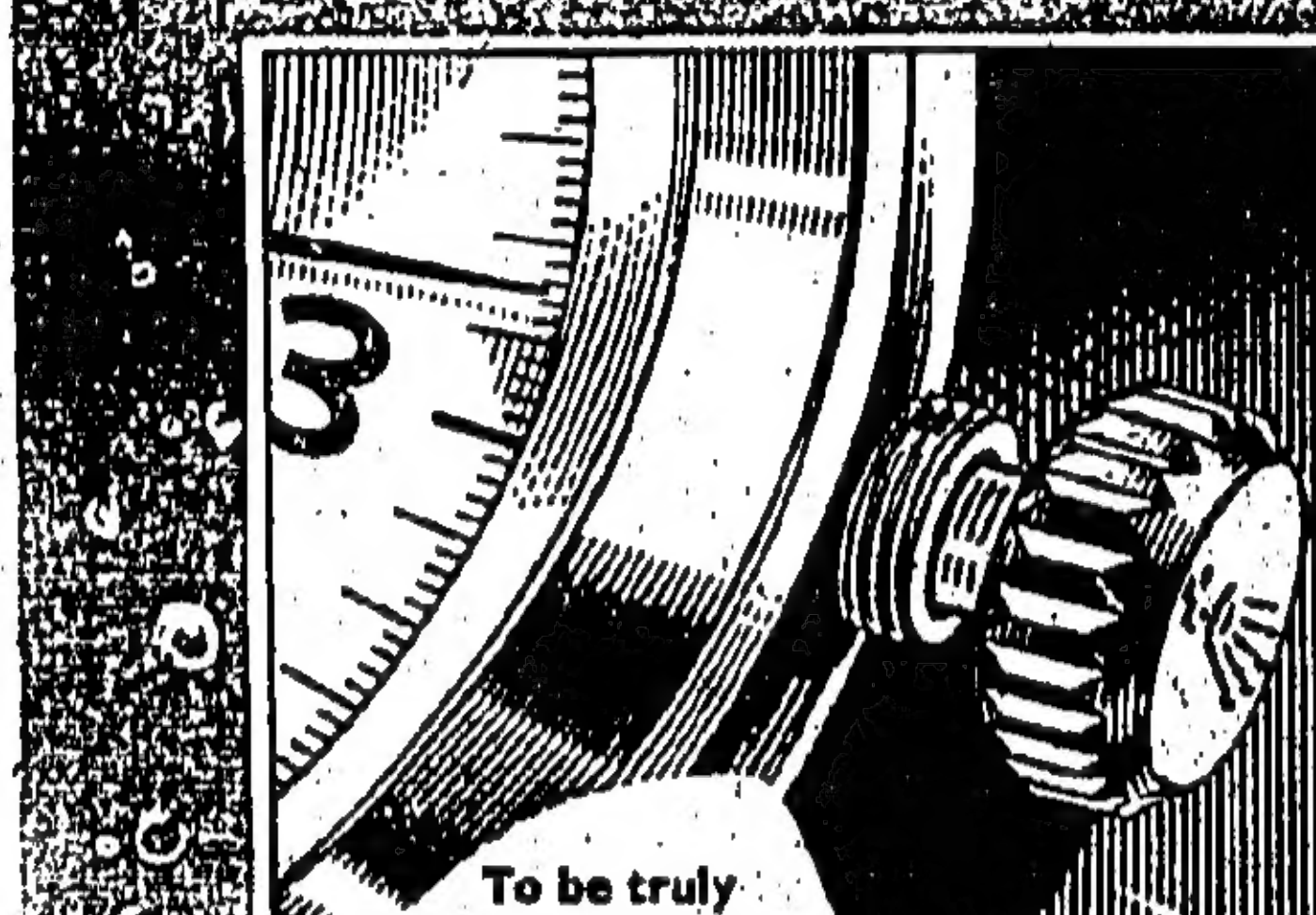
"A television programme once asked me to dig up two people named Brandy and Soda. I was in Somerset House for days. But I was happy to find that there are no Brandies or Sodas in the country," she remarked tartly. She has not done any television work since.

In her spare time—"This isn't a nine to six job at all"—Mrs Saunders follows up her private interests. All I noticed of a restful and relaxing nature. She knits, cooks, potters about the garden, goes to the theatre and reads omnivorously. But she does not write. "Writers rarely make good researchers and good researchers frequently don't make good writers," she said. Which is just as well, both for the writers, and for Mrs Saunders and her 60-odd researchers. (London Express Service)

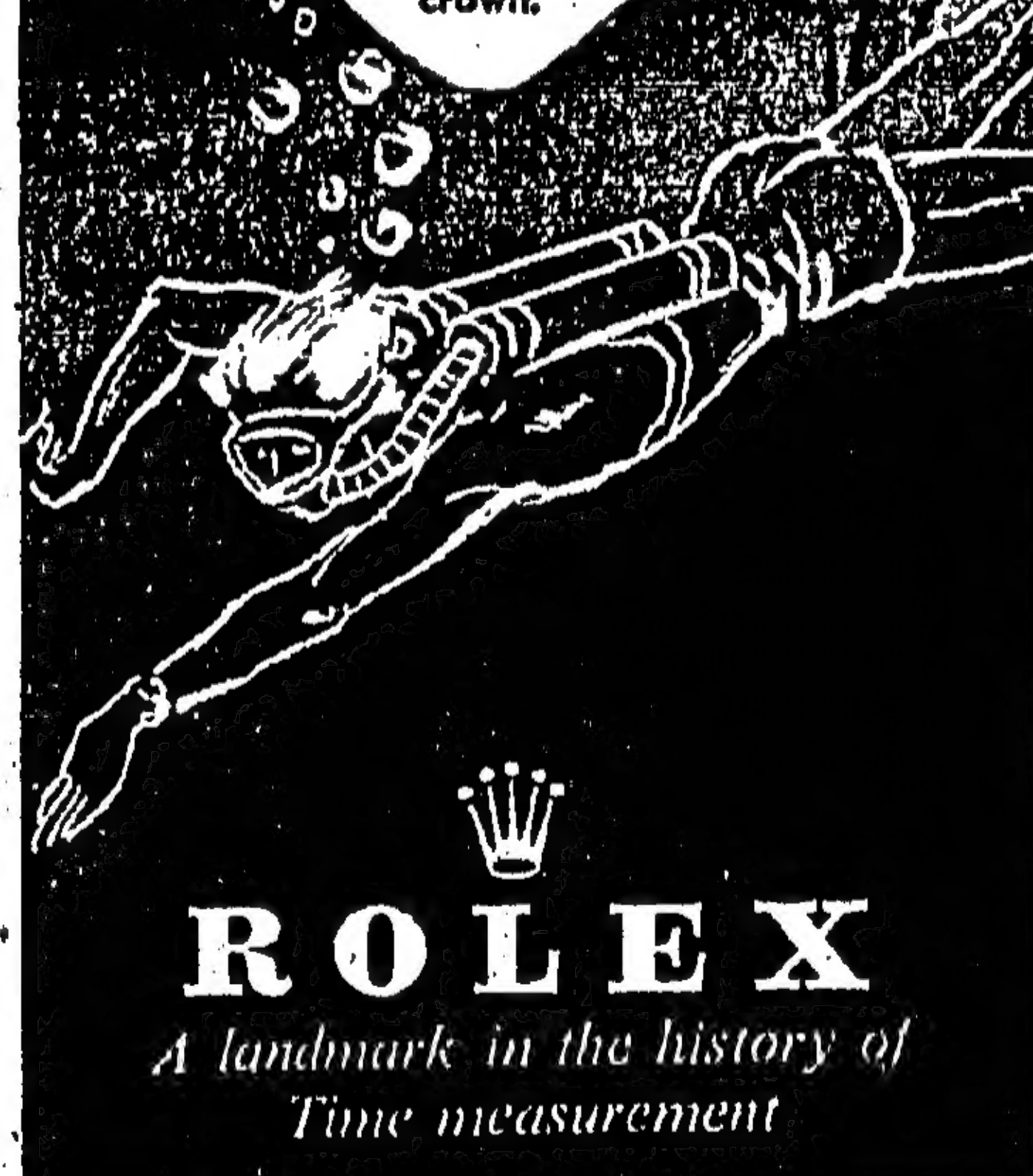
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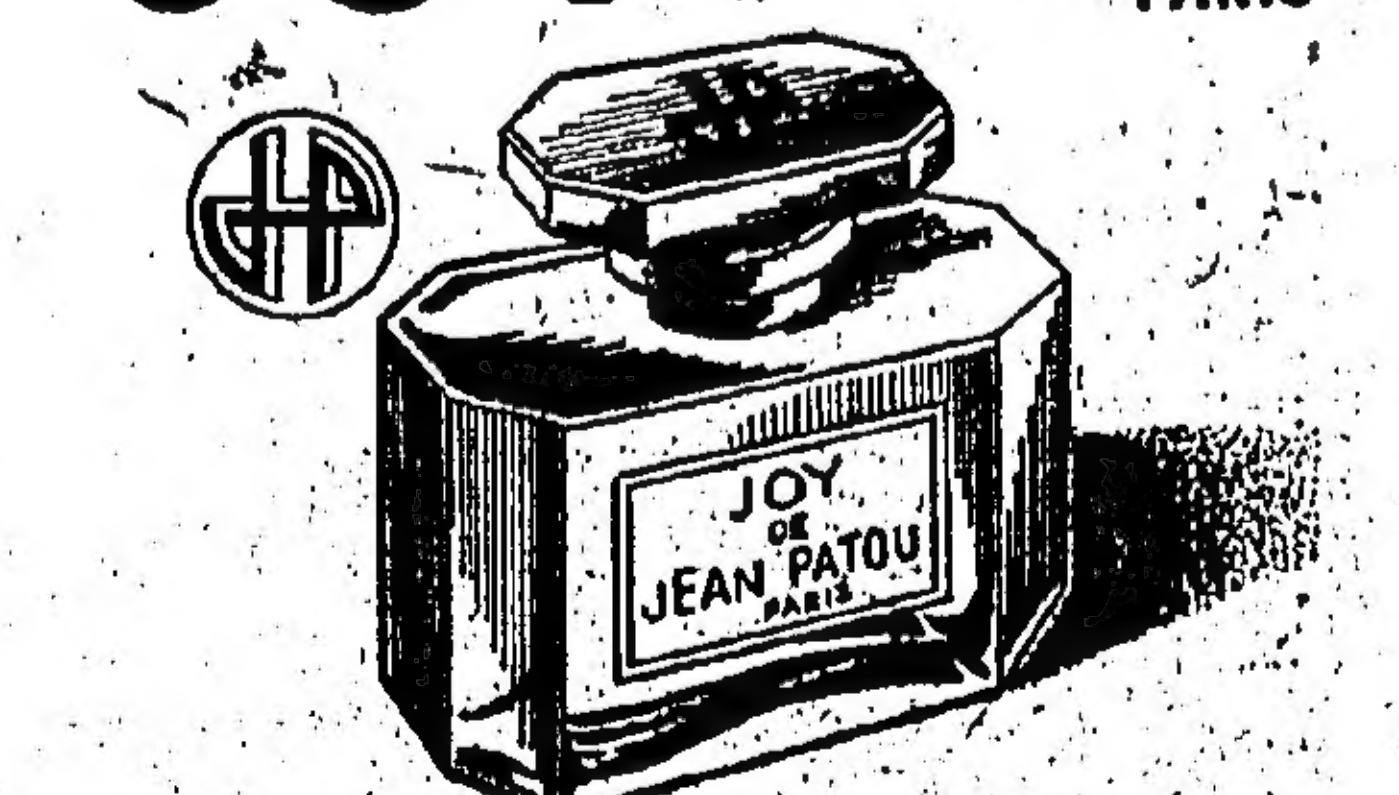


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★ ★ SHOWPAGE INTRODUCES ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

★ ★ MISS PUCK OF POKFULAM ★ ★

TEN - YEAR - OLD Larry looks up from his lines and says:

"If Mama had had quads instead of just Nelly Jane — I'd rather not have been born. One sister like her is as much as a man can stand. Four would be just terrible."

This industrious and very self-assured young man was sitting at a square table, beautifully carved, and looked up to make his remark as an affluent bank manager might do from his desk. The table was strewn with exercise books and had been specially brought into the drawingroom so that its ten-year-old occupant could preside over the family conversation and do his homework at the same time.

He did both with great energy, conducting most of the conversation himself, and covering pages with neat lines of writing.

A glance over his shoulder — an underhand trick that led to a drawingroom incident — showed the lines to read:

"I must not talk in line
I must not talk in line
I must not . . ."

The elder sister who has been so rudely introduced was lying at the time, something between sprawled and curled up, in the corner of the sofa. It was a bright Puck's face and a very decorative pile of long white arms and legs flung down haphazardly (it seemed independently) upon the leather upholstery.

The time was 7 p.m. Sweetmeats on a side table at her elbow showed that she had just had breakfast, and that the very brief costume which she decorated (there was considerably more of her than there was of it) was probably her pyjamas.

and a very full University Year

"What is your name?" I date from the Diplomatic Corps in an age of considerably greater elegance and leisure than diplomacy boasts today.

"Which one?"

"Well, I suppose we ought to have the lot."

"Shuen Chu Helene Nellie Jane Tehou Chin-yui."

(It was also at one time "Yi-fuu" . . . because that name was considered one that would bring good fortune, and special cards were circulated to announce the change. And of course it did bring good luck because it brought her father, whom she had not seen for seven years, back from the United States for a visit.)

Dividing the names up, and dealing with them one at a time, we get:

SHUEN

. . . was the pile of very white (one might say air-conditioned) arms and legs lying on the leather sofa, and has already been introduced. This was Puck at home. She lives in a busy drawingroom, backed up by one of the best chefs in Kowloon, and she can meet nearly everyone worth meeting in the Chinese film and academic world without leaving her leather corner.

To say why so many interesting and influential people gather in this room would be to hazard a guess. But to give the perfectly unlighted guess of a foreigner:

● It is an obviously old and aristocratic Chinese family, and shows every sign that it has not forgotten its place in the world.

● It is presided over by Shuen's extremely dignified mother — a lady whose memories, even of Europe,

and blessed with such Western necessities as a five horsepower air conditioner capable of freezing one's marrow in midsummer, it remains a Chinese home.

● Up to date in tone, and complete with accent (which must have set a horrible problem to the printers — it has given me a headache already in this article) was printed in numbers of University theatrical programmes. Cards with the spelling were circulated to announce the change of personality. But when I rang up Lady Ho Tung Hall one day, no one — not even her room mate . . .

the room mate incidentally was another star of the Hongkong University's theatrical heaven — that exquisite Viola of its last 12th Night: Anne Choy.

... not even Anne, who had appeared in the same programme with the impostor, had the foggiest notion who this HELENE TCHOU was. A lengthy description, and mention of the programme and the prologue, at last brought the cry, "Oh! You mean . . ."

True to Chinese tradition, Puck decided that Professor Blunden was the most distinguished Englishman who was ever likely to teach her anything, so she asked him to give her a name. Professor Blunden analysed the problem with the greatest clarity. The family name (pronounced "Chu") is spelt in the astonishing French romanisation "Tehou." Her common name was Nellie. "Nellie," I suppose, must be the short for Helen. And "Helen," with some kind of accent on it somewhere, sounds French. And Puck, anyway, looks as

And this third person in the list is at last getting somewhere near the heart of the story — for she trots up to get her degree at Hongkong University on Monday, with second class honours in English and Chinese Literature. But how she got her degree is a mystery, I think, even to herself.

This same Nellie Jane was once accused by a heart-headed lecturer of being drunk. All she had done was to turn in a most beautiful essay about Pope. I am personally prepared to vouch for the fact that it was a masterpiece. I wouldn't have minded putting my own name at the bottom.

(Honesty compels me to state that Nellie was not quite as impressed with it as I was. Humility, perhaps.)

Among her other sidelines, she is an expert and renowned reader of horoscopes. When she is in the mood to read visitors crowd to her home. They come "people of all classes," she claims. I can only vouch for the fact that they come in all shapes, sizes, and all in their Sunday best. She has only to say a sympathetic word, after working out a few signs and patterns and looking up clues in the mystery book, and they draw a deep breath; their eyes shine; and their whole life story pours out before her in a flood of oratory that is attributed entirely to her mystic power and used to spread her fame.

The only wonder, after listening in to a session or two of this, is how Puck has managed to confine herself to two scripts, instead of producing them . . . five at the end of every horoscope evening.

What is she doing now?

Apart from going up to get her honours degree (picked up as a kind of sideline, but don't most students do the same? One man row for Jesus. Another plays for England. This girl just quietly made a fortune) she is under contract to the

by
William
Smyly

Hongkong's own
Francoise Sagan
CHIN YUI is not
just a gifted writer.
She is a gifted
film actress too.



If she might like to "sound French." So the new pupil was christened . . . "HELENE TCHOU."

But it was rather as a writer of Chinese than English that this Puck has excelled during the year. For the main part of the year's work was taken on by the last girl that shares this highly split personality . . .

CHIN YUI

Leaving out all the activities of all the other characters that Puck has portrayed during the year . . . the University finalist stepping daintily from the Star Ferry in the blue blazer and skirt . . . the lady at ease in the boisterous salon . . . the amateur actress rushing to rehearsals and waxing "arty" with other students in grease paint and tights, and calling for the attention of Father Sheridan . . . apart from all these, this same Chin Yui has published a translation into Chinese (very well reviewed) of a novel by Henry James; starred in a film with Lin Dai (the shooting took place at Eucliff, overlooking Repulse Bay, and occupied the last month before the University final examinations); written two full film scripts under her contract as a staff script writer, and published several long articles in the Chinese magazine press.

And of course she has been frequently written up herself in the same magazines . . . "one of the most exceptional young Chinese writers today."

Where does she get her material from . . . this Hongkong Sagan aged 22?

Among her other sidelines, she is an expert and renowned reader of horoscopes. When she is in the mood to read visitors crowd to her home. They come "people of all classes," she claims. I can only vouch for the fact that they come in all shapes, sizes, and all in their Sunday best. She has only to say a sympathetic word, after working out a few signs and patterns and looking up clues in the mystery book, and they draw a deep breath; their eyes shine; and their whole life story pours out before her in a flood of oratory that is attributed entirely to her mystic power and used to spread her fame.

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Motion Picture and General Investment Co. who expect her to double as actress and script writer.

One of her scripts is in production at the moment in Japan . . . "The Scarlet Doll," starring Lin Dai. The Scarlet Doll, in technicolor, is to cost the unprecedented sum for a Chinese film of \$600,000. Elaborate preparations are already under way to give the film a worldwide distribution.

These preparations may include dubbing an English dialogue with English voices, specially contracted and trained . . . and some of them here in Hongkong.

But talking about her film, this pile of alabaster legs and arms in the leather sofa dismisses it casually as "Oh! the usual recipe . . . love, attempted murder, sweat, and vice. Naturally it is about someone more sinned against than sinning!"

Lin Dai herself, she assured me (rather to my disappointment) preserves a spotless character in the film.

The film is a social satire . . . a satirical comedy.

How much money does she make?

"Let's miss that question shall we?" she says. And the look that went with the answer broke my pencil and made a hole in the paper.

It also made me forget to ask for "vital statistics" — but they're pretty good.

The kind of vital statistics I did get go like this:

Sleep — 4½ hours a day, normally starting around 8 a.m.

Reading speed — (English or Chinese) 80 pages an hour.

Writing speed — (rationed) 5,000 words a night.

Letter writing — never.

Ambition — to write and act her own play, and write a play in English.

Ideal character — "Straight characters are too difficult. I want something nice and evil."

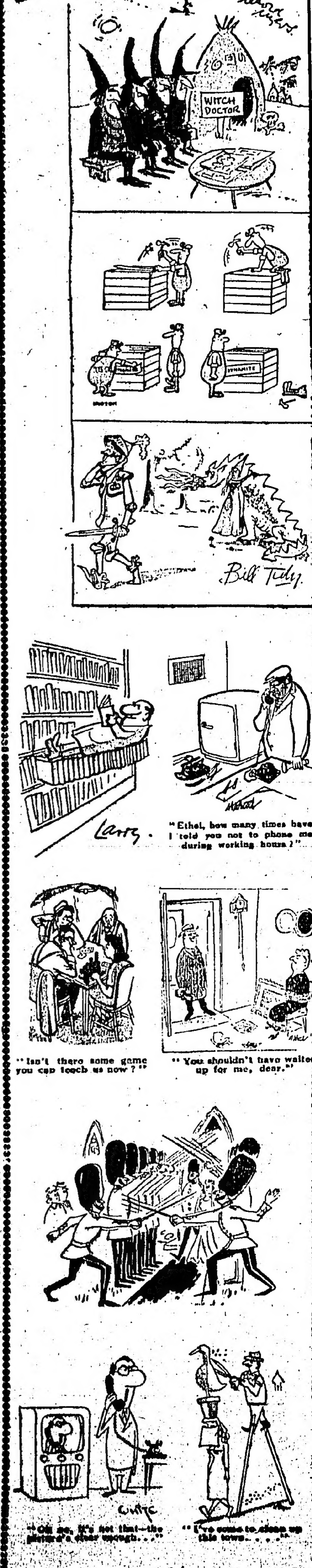
Heart? — According to her doctor — she's got a hole in it. According to her, she's got none.

Boyfriends? — I didn't risk asking about that, but the young brother Larry got \$10 for a magazine article recently which helps out.

He writes: "My sister has lots of very nice boyfriends whom she treats disgracefully. But I don't mind. They all (or most of them) buy me ice cream."

When I rang up the house recently there was a noise over the telephone. I asked "What's that?" Her cousin replied, "Oh that's Shuen — playing the mandolin." Another day she was taking singing lessons. And another day she was dancing. Perhaps that is the background on one of the girls who collects her degree on Monday. Somewhere, I think, we'll be hearing more of this one — as of course, we will also hear more of many of the others.

ZANIES



★ ★ ★

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

★ ★ ★

WOMEN'S PAGE

The Rise of the Redhead

MY vote for the girl most likely to succeed this autumn goes to the lady whose hair (whether by nature or art) looks like a copper leaf.

The firm that produces one of the most popular lines in semi-permanent rinses—no one speaks the rude word "dye" any more—says that Golden Chestnut, Auburn, and Deep Auburn now top the list of colours in demand.

Since the war, what pretty little actress-type girls have got themselves made into international myths and objects of widespread worship?

I'd say first Grace Kelly, as nice a mixture of health, purity, and sophistication as the curl of lemon peel in a dry martini; everything a blonde ought to be.

And then Audrey Hepburn, introvert, never quite untensed, with endlessly brimming eyes; everything a brunette ought to be. (Let no one remind me of Marilyn Monroe. She is no fashion but rather a contemporary manifestation of a basic truth about humanity. In one form or another, she has always been with us.)

Innocents

I NOW take it to be the turn of the redheads, the way these things go in well-ordered cycles; and of two redheads in particular, both tapping their tiny pointed fingers on the modest cottage door of the film industry, like a couple of innocent Little Red Riding Hoods standing about waiting to be gobbled up.

The first is Suzy Parker. Now Suzy Parker is sister to the model Cecil Beaton has sometimes described as the greatest, Dorian Leigh (I seem to remember once learning that there was yet a third sister in this astonishing family and that she was called, though it may seem too good to be true, Georgia Belle).

Dorian's little sister Suzy has wild shoulder-length hair, the colour of new pennies, looks ravishing in sugar-pink, has often played a dizzy Galatea to the Pygmalion of fashion photographer Avedon's camera, and is frequently photographed in a whirlwind flurry of movement so that among the more statuesque and ladylike girls she has the look of a crazy speedboat that has got loose among a lot of stately and becalmed yachts.

Having learned the other side of the camera from masters she has tried her hand at fashion photography without extravagant success. And she has had a shot at acting in films.

Someone should really see to it that Miss Parker presses on with the film career. It seems

Household Hints

If you press a garment between wrappings, first sponge out any stains. If these are removed, they will be set by the heat of the iron.

Never wring out glass fibre or acetate taffeta materials after laundering. These fabrics, whether curtains or a fluffy petticoat, should be washed without scrubbing, hung up to drip dry.

to me absolutely immaterial whether or not she can act. Raving red-headed beauties like Miss Parker just ought to stand frequently in front of the cameras, while other plainer girls pick up the dramatic fragments of the story.

A change

MY second redhead, who used to be a brunette but felt the trend of the time, is Marie-Helene Arnould, aged 23, hair the colour of a rich, ripe conker, and cut in that extremely expensive, casual way that looks as though you can't find the time to brush it out of your eyebrows.

Where Suzy is open-air and Transatlantic and all-American girlish with only a trace of the exotic, Mademoiselle Arnould is sparrow-boned, Latin, and fragile, looking delicately at the big world from out of the golden eyes of a cautious little russet-coloured fox.

And her film career has started with a role in "Gig."

Tradition

NOT all the popular myths about redheads are true. You can have blazing red hair without freckles, or a dangerous temper, or green eyes, or Irish parentage.

But something odd, magical, different, very often clings to red-headed girls in countries where they are in a minority—maybe only as a result of having rebelled against being called "Ginger" and "Carrots" as a child.

It is impossible to imagine the impetuous verve of Kay Kendall without that sparkling crown of hers—it even melted Rex Harrison.

It is impossible to imagine Arlene Dahl, one of the most beautiful women alive, without her red hair. It seemed the most natural thing in the world for Peggy Ashcroft to wear a copper-coloured pony tail wig when she played Cleopatra (the ironic legend was that the hair came from a convent).

Elizabeth Tudor and Mary Stewart were inevitable red-heads. So was the flame-coloured eccentric Marquessa Casati, the darling of the 'twenties, who went to fancy dress parties leading a chained leopard, or dressed as Saint Sebastian stuck full of arrows that should have lit up electrically had not the marquessa short-circuited herself at the last moment.

Revival

POSSIBLY the craze for red hair (and there are countless red-toned rinses on the market) is yet another angle on the 'twenties revival. For it was in the 'twenties that Clara Bow, the It Girl, made a passionate picture called "Red Hair," with a script by the most fiery and fabulous redhead of them all, the green-eyed Eleanor Glyn, who enjoyed reclining on tiger skins.

A girl with such an appearance must be bad! Red hair and black eyelashes and green eyes! No really, nice woman creature could have colouring like that. She must be cloned!—so, she ironically, but with more than a touch of self-congratulation in the exclamation marks, wrote in her diary. Stone the redheaded! A happy thought for those bored by the puffed pleasures of skiffle and the tempestuous of coffee that these days lurks under the three inches of froth.

Temptation and tango-lean and burning passion could be just around the corner. The redheaded girls are back.

SIRIOL HUGH JONES

Are You The Clinging Type?

EDGAR BERGEN, the American ventriloquist, is a man with a good word for the English woman.

"The one thing I noticed when I arrived in London was the wonderful English voice. You see—I am used to listening to voices—and oh, how wonderful a good English voice seems to me after those high-pitched, jerky American voices.

"When a woman speaks she gives away a lot, you know. You can tell if she is affected, insincere, or, most of all, neurotic. Just by her voice on the telephone. And you can tell if she is the clinging-type type too."

Although Mr Bergen admires the Englishwoman's voice, he is shocked by the terrible way in which so many women seem to try to imitate Americans. "It doesn't sound American, it just sounds stupid."

Revival

THE Victorian view-point has taken the place of the Regency splendour of a few years ago.

Two of the prettiest examples I have seen this week: (1) A charming pink and green trellis wallpaper, selling at only 5s. 2d. a roll. Wonderful for a nursery hall, or a young girl's bedroom. (2) A rehash of an old favourite—the Victorian black landscape print transferred to white china, costing 82s. 6d. for a 24-piece tea-set.

Dior's girls

ANNA GAYLOR, the newest of French screen, is not a fan of Christian Dior, although she can now afford to go to him for her clothes.

"I think Dior is for the very tall and very thin girl," she said. "He is best, I think, for the American girl. I get most of my clothes from little boutiques."

"You see, I was once very poor as a student in Paris, and I used to spend a lot of time gazing in the shop windows and wishing. Now I can go in and buy—and I do just that. I buy an odd sweater, a pretty pair of shoes, a pair of gloves."

Long-haired Anna was wearing a pale grey flannel skirt, a grey cashmere sweater she bought at Glasgow Airport, cream, high-heeled, pointed-toe shoes, no jewellery except a very narrow Swiss gold watch.

"I live in sweaters and skirts, and usually low-heeled shoes. I hate getting dressed up."

"But when I go to see a producer I put on a dress from Dior—be it in cream, white, and high-heeled shoes. You see, I am very small," she said.

The woman who wants to wear four tortois

"BELIEVE it or not!" said the elegant young man in the dark grey suit, as he closed the glass doors of his pink-velvet lined cupboard—"she dashed in with four small tortois and said: 'make me a necklace or a couple of clips from these."

"They've given me sleepless nights, those tortois. I can't think what to do with them."

The speaker was Michael Gosschalk, a jewellery designer who had just opened a little Aladdin's cave of a shop in Belgravia.

REMADE

The tortois, jewelled ones naturally, were "the property of a lady" (as they say when they don't want to give names) who wanted them broken down and remade into one important piece.

She had seen the brooch he has made for John Siddley's wife.



"Odds and ends," said John, describing it to me. "Some tourmaline carclips I gave her years ago, her engagement ring, a ruby and diamond brooch that somebody left her and a rather tawny little cocktail ring—all combined to make one really lovely flower spray." (I've sketched it.)

Mr Gosschalk has very decided views about English women—jewellery-wise, that is. "They will dot themselves over with little odd bits."

"Frenchwomen are so different. Oh, I know how everyone goes on about the elegance of the

French, but it's true. They concentrate their jewels instead of scattering them."

He's right, too. From precious stones to jewellery of a very different kind. The tiaras, earrings and bracelets that Coral Browne wears in the current production of Hamlet, at the Old Vic, are made from gilt Cellophane braid, lurex gauze, gold lld and Perspex. The result, even at very close quarters, is magnificent.

Patrick Ide, of the Old Vic, invited me to go behind the scenes and see them for myself. "I thought they might have a practical application for your readers," said he. "They can't all go to Cartier."

A NEW LINE

These "jewels" are the work of Barbara Wilkes. "She's done Hemdrey—banners and so on—but this is an entirely new line for her. We're thrilled with them and so is Coral. They are so unlike the usual stage jewellery—feather light. Positively Harlequin in feeling, aren't they?"

I thought them quite lovely and can well imagine them, in silver and pearls, making enchanting bridal head-dresses. But "practical application"—no, there's no icy-bitsy "make yourself a tiara for 3s. 6d." story there.

I'd just as soon advise my readers to buy themselves an old iron bedstead and make themselves a Reg Butler statue.



The long pointed line in shoes is firmly established. In a collection of shoes shown by Christian Dior in London a few days ago this satin slipper with a high jewelled tongue proved most popular. The material is satin and the colour Apricot.—Keystone.

Sweets For The Sweet

By Alice Denhoff

WHEN you feel extra ambitious and the occasion calls for something special, consider preparing Angel Alaska.

To serve 8-10, which makes this a party recipe, combine 1 pkg. chocolate or butterscotch mix and 1 c. water in a small sauce-pan. Cook over moderate heat, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens and begins to boil.

Blend a little of the hot pudding into 1 beaten egg yolk. Then beat into hot mixture in sauce-pan. Boil a few minutes longer, stirring constantly, then remove from heat.

Slice one medium-sized pound or angel food cake horizontally into 4 equal layers. Place lower layer on an ungreased cookie sheet. Replace layers, spreading 1/4 c.

pudding over lower and middle layers.

Prepare meringue topping by beating 3 egg whites until stiff but not dry. Blend 1/3 c. sugar and 1/4 tsp. vanilla extract gradually. Continue beating until the meringue stands in peaks. Spread meringue over sides and top of stacked cake.

Brown quickly in hot oven (450° F.) for approximately 5 min.

To serve, slice crosswise. For another pretty party special, but one that is easy to fix, have 12 sponge cake shells and 3 pts. ice cream in assorted flavours. Place a small scoop of each of the 3 ice cream flavours in each sponge cake shell. Crush 1 pt. frozen or sweetened fresh berries. Serve the strawberries over each to make 12 colourful, flavourful nose-gay cakes.

SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS

By JOY MATTHEWS

IT'S scent and sensibility from now on. Women are wearying of buying expensive French perfume at anything from \$3.38, to \$21 a bottle—and getting nothing from it but a faint smell that nobody seems to notice.

Once scent was a symbol of sex. Now it is a symbol of money.

For the scent users have found that they cannot make their bottles last for more than a few weeks, and if they do all the fragrance fanatics tell them to do, for only a few days.

"We find that women just won't pay for expensive perfume these days," said the buyer of the perfumery department of a big store. "At Christmas the men come in and buy it, but the women are going for the eau de Cologne, the lavender, and toilet waters."

SIMPLE

THE reason is simple. If you want to get any effect from scent you must use a lot of it.

The days when a faint dab behind each ear that was so discreet it did not notice are gone. Women have been told to smell nice. They have been

told to use their perfume lavishly and all the time.

They are told: Put scent on your furs, your letters, your sheets, on the hem-line of your

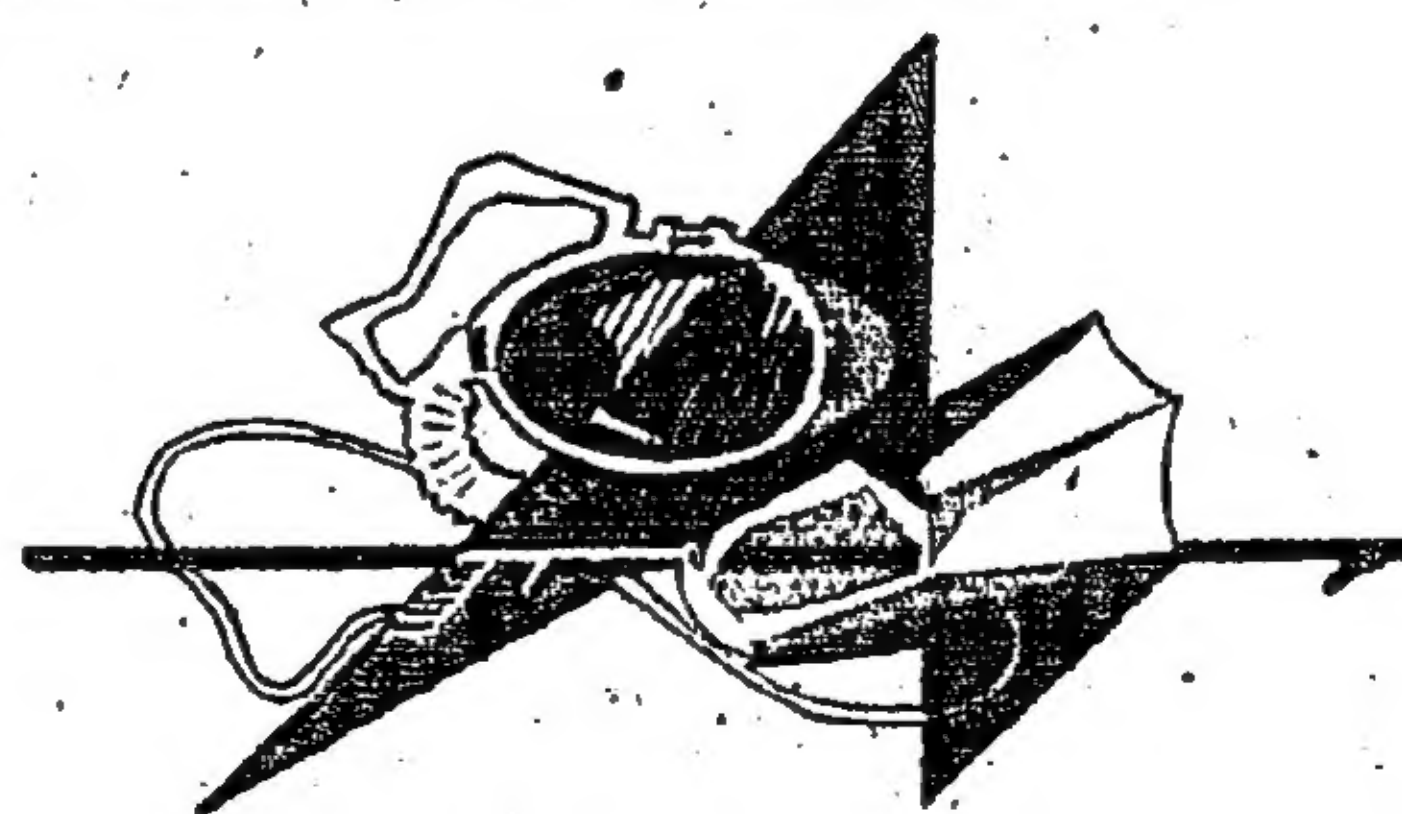
dress, on your petticoat. Sprinkle a little on the ironing board, in the water you rinse your undies in.

The result of all this is that the sweet smell of success is no longer French at \$5.50, a time, but good old English lavender.

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Miss Kamla Gopalpathy's dancing was one of the main features of a programme of hymns, prayers, and ritual at the Hindu Temple, Happy Valley, to celebrate the Indian festival Dassaherra.



RIGHT: Miss Marian Anderson, the American Primadonna, also flew in for two concerts, one at the Queen's Theatre last night attended by the Governor, and one tomorrow at the Hongkong Football Club.

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS



LEFT: A former Prime Minister of France, Antoine Pinay, flew in from Taipei on a Far East tour that carries him on from here to Manila. RIGHT: If anyone was warming up for Double Tenth trouble, the appearances were last week that most of them were police. . . and (BELOW) the first of our two national days passes off without incident.



LEFT: Gerald Van Lagenberg and Joyce Osmund at Rosary Church. RIGHT: New York reception at the River Club of Stephen Tso (son of Mr. and Mrs. K. K. Tso, also in the picture) and Miss Miray Lock—both from Hongkong. BELOW: Sir Alexander Grantham with Miss Janet Tomblin, chairman of the Arts Festival Committee, during a tour by the Governor and Lady Grantham.



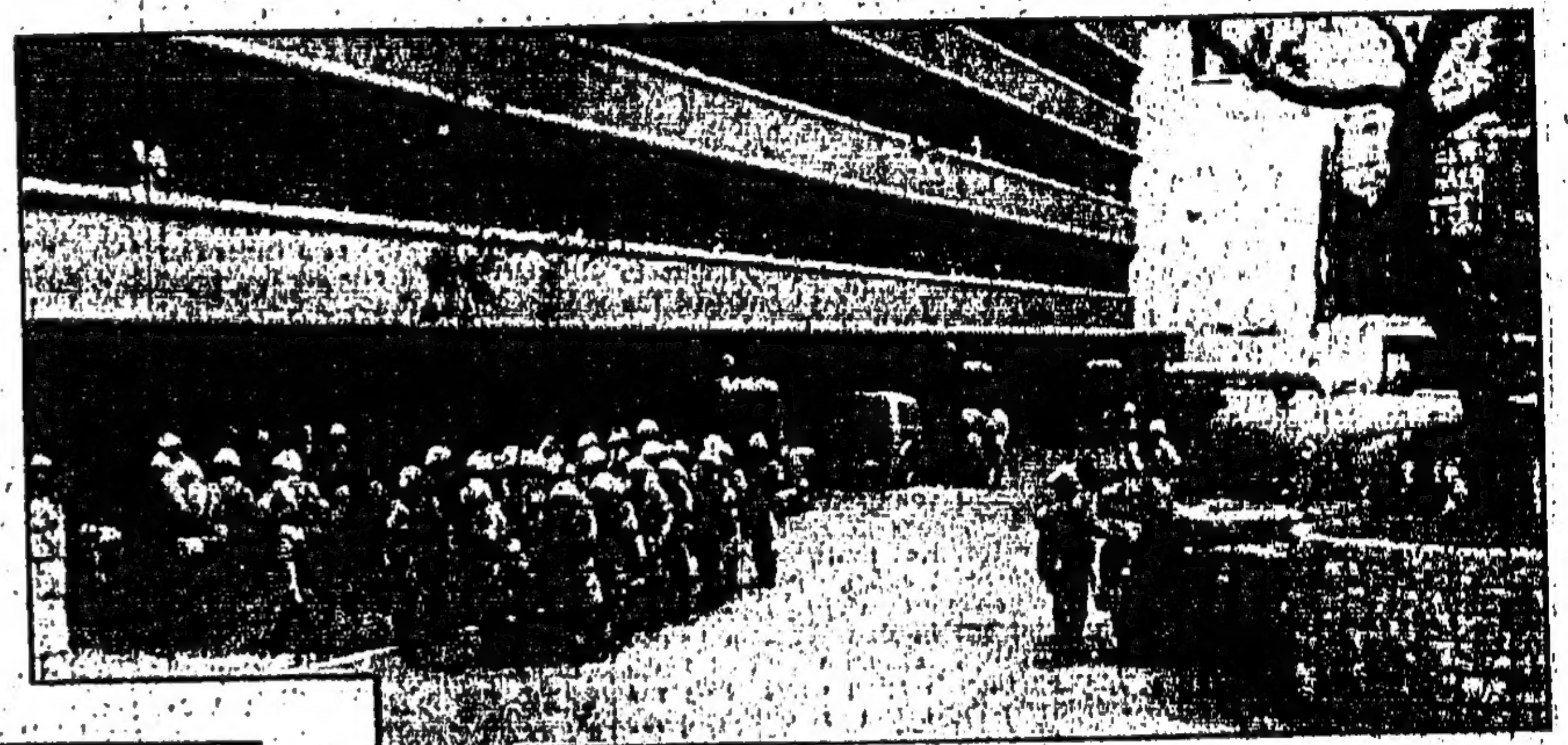
VISITORS BUT NO VIOLENCE

The towering Rt Hon George Ward, Secretary of State for Air added length and strength to an idea gaining weight here that England is ruled by a race of exceptional stature. He arrived with Air Marshal the Earl of Bandon for a tour of RAF establishments in Hongkong.

RIGHT: The 21st Birthday of the J. Arthur Rank organisation at Pinewood is celebrated by a birthday party given by his local agent, Mr G. F. Rearden. Mrs Rearden cuts the cake.



LEFT: the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, passing through on a Trade Promotion mission to Communist China, was another arrival to add substance to our "Lennox-Boyd" picture of size and charm. He backed up the likeness by a frank press conference, and a lightning tour of Hongkong's factories during his stay.



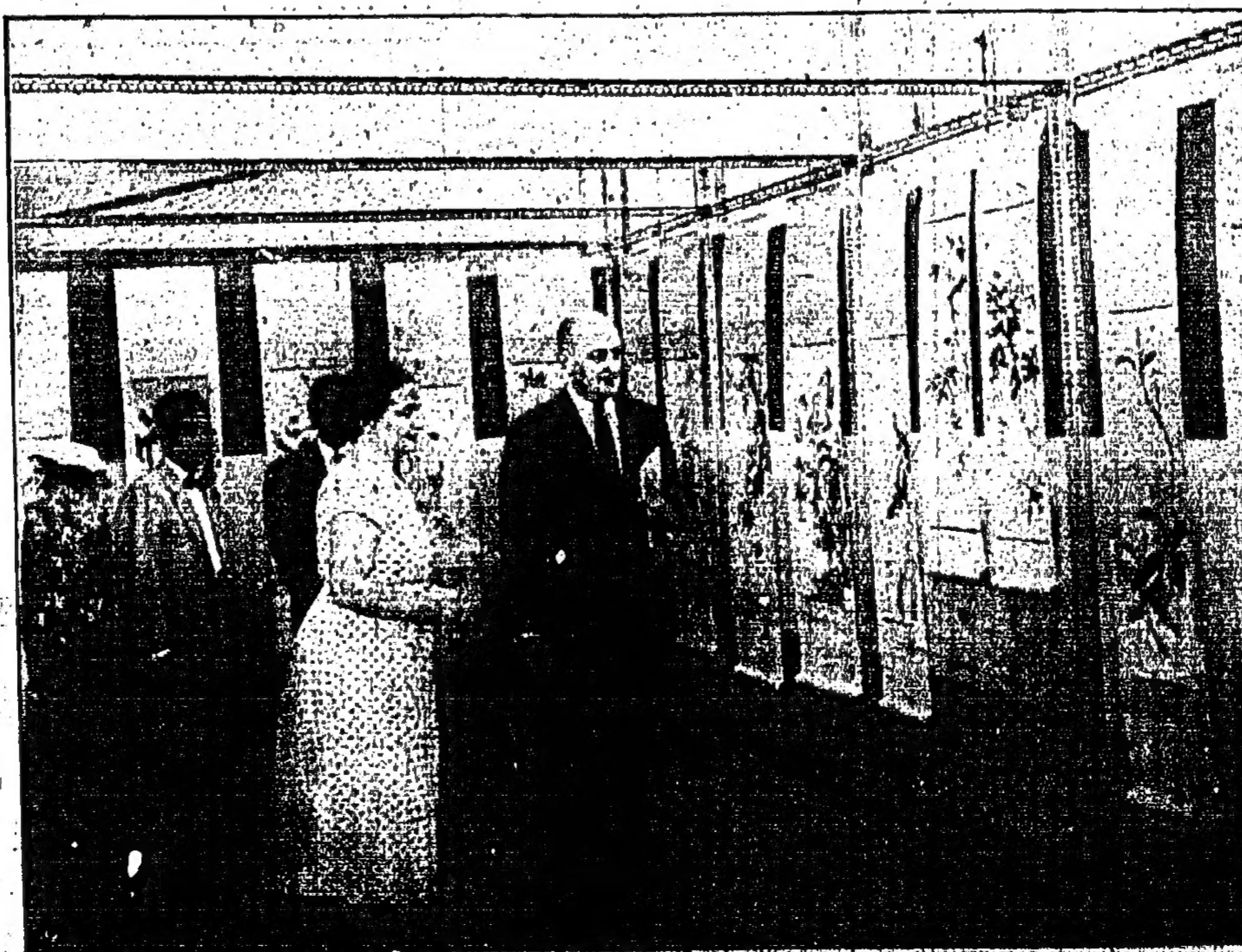
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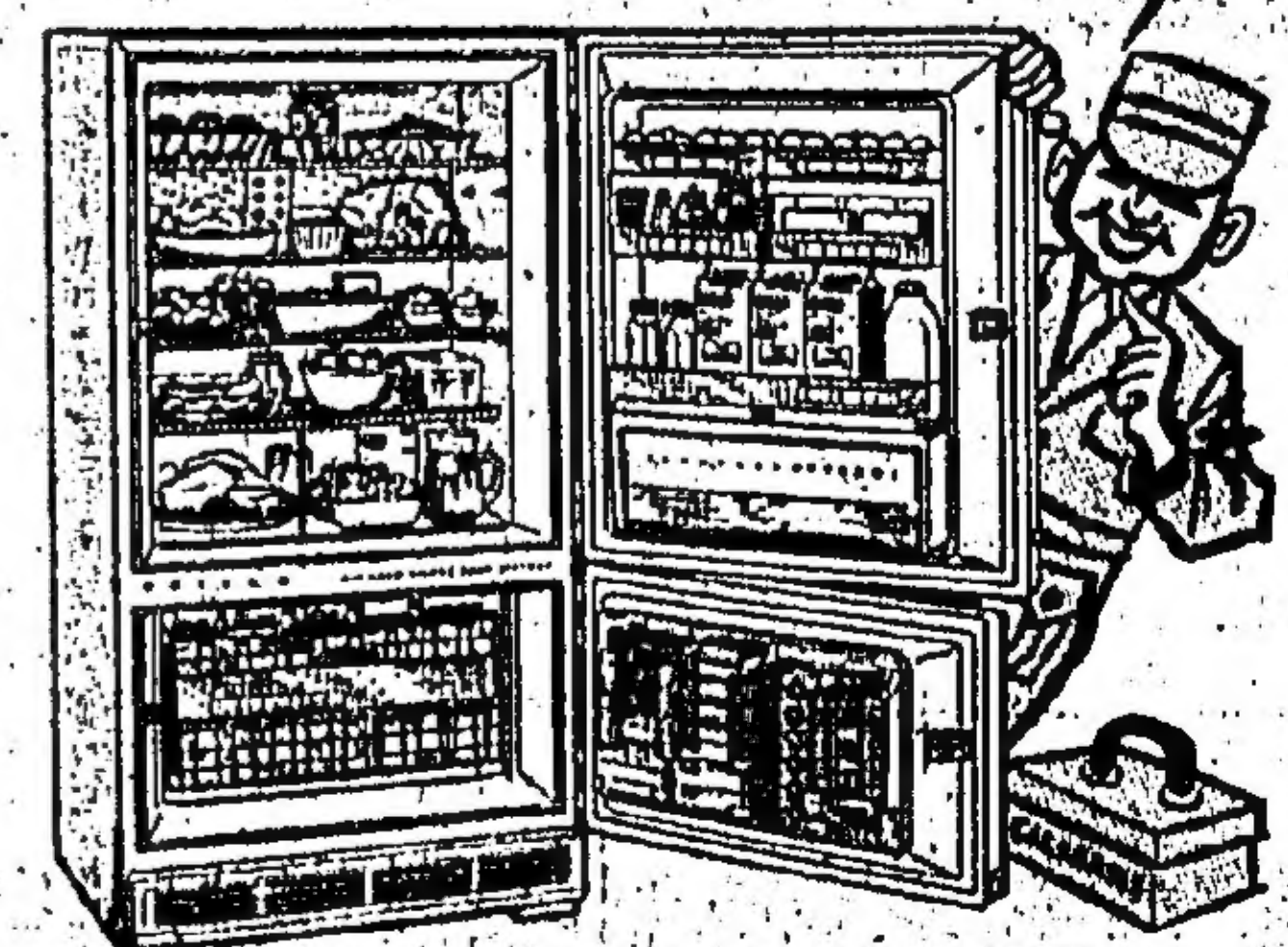
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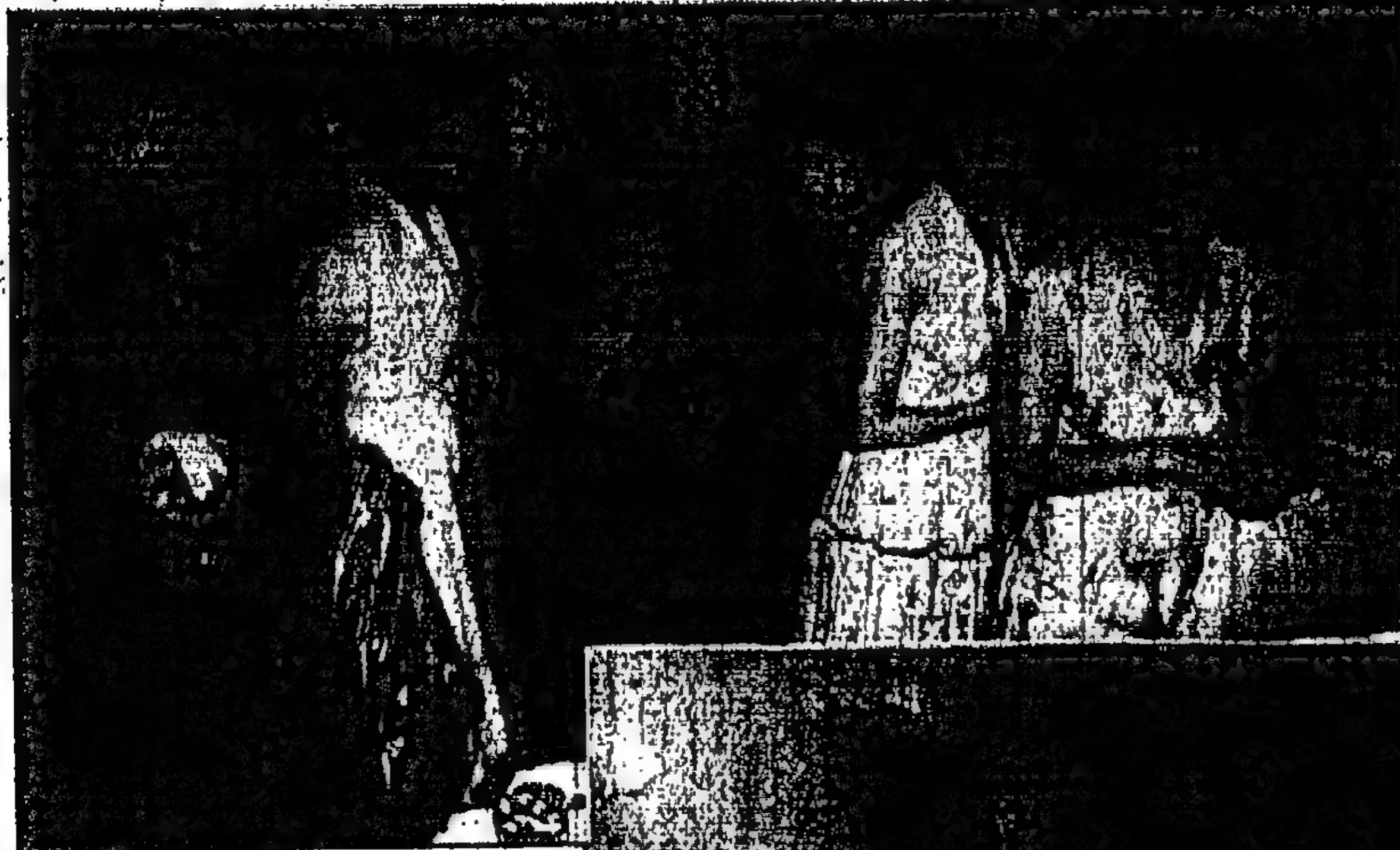
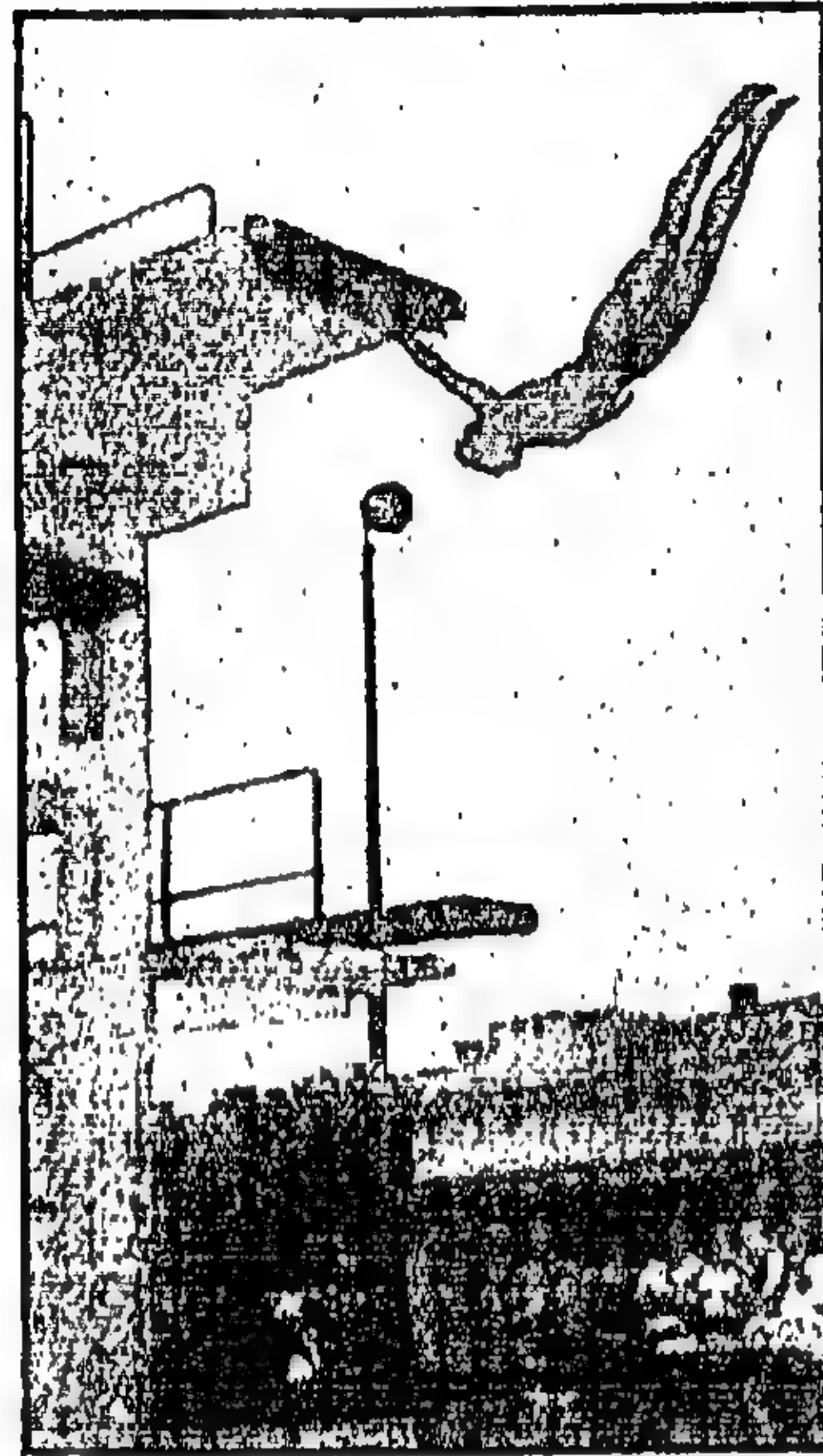


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... but the weather did not immediately change, and water sportsmen still had suitable water (and air) in which to demonstrate how profitably they had spent the past summer. RIGHT: L/Cpl Ng Sui-kee sails over the tree tops and down past the diving boards in the aquabattle HKR v HQLF.

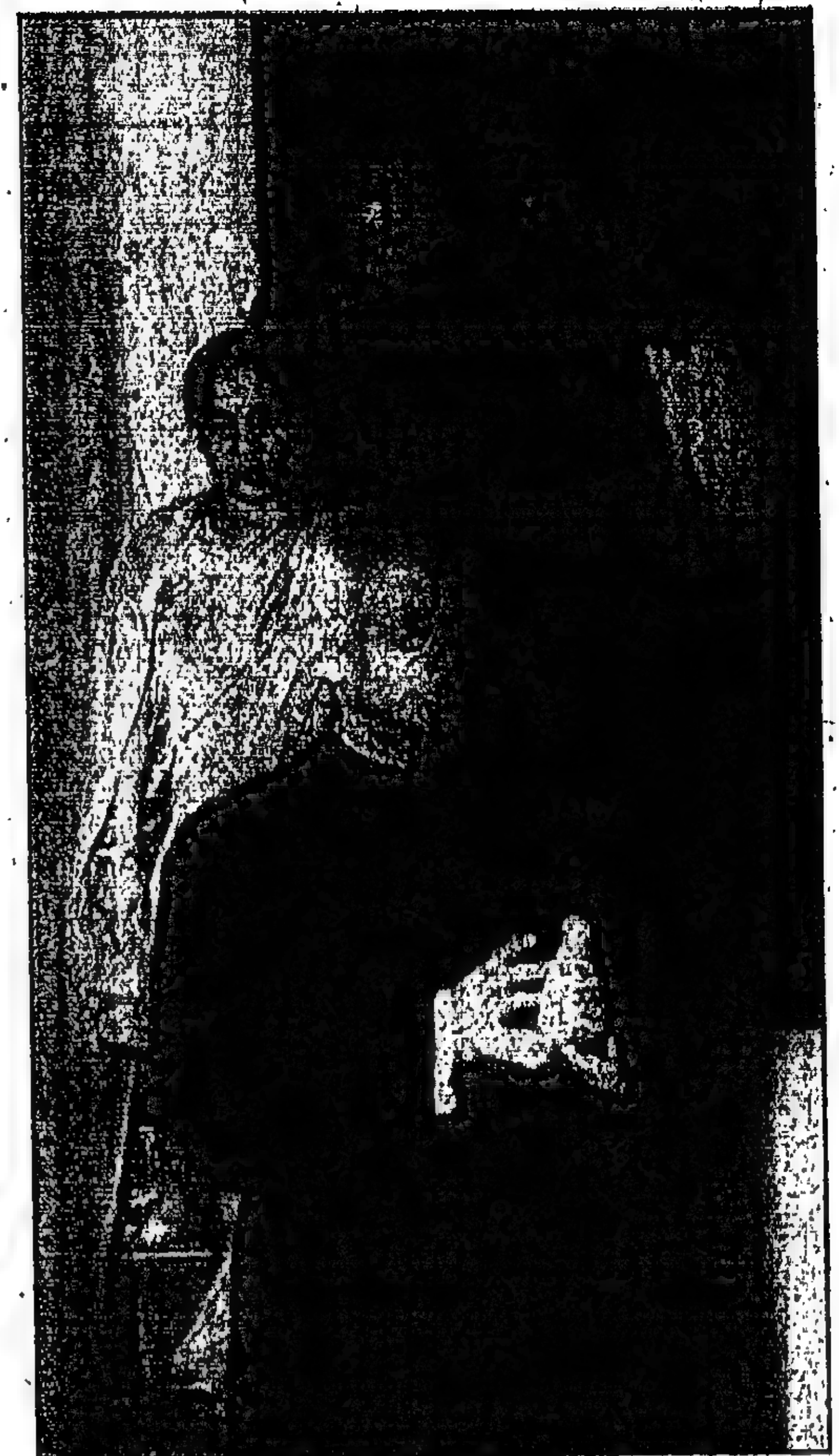


The Hongkong Regiment were winners of the Terry Trophy (their team—below) in the annual swimming competition between the Regiment and Headquarters, Hongkong Land Forces.



MICHAELMAS FAIR

Lady Grantham, who opened it, passes an expert eye over the curio stall at St John's Cathedral Michaelmas Fair... the first big one of the season, and one that cuts off summer officially, and starts the long chain of winter bazaars that will run from now until next Spring.



... and while children crowd around the Milburn's Lucky Dip and competitions, and their elders round the lamp shade stall, Hongkong entertained Vice-President, Dr Sarvapalli Radhakrishnan. Right, with Mrs Adarkar, Mrs Harlela, and Mr Adarkar—Commissioner for India in Hongkong.

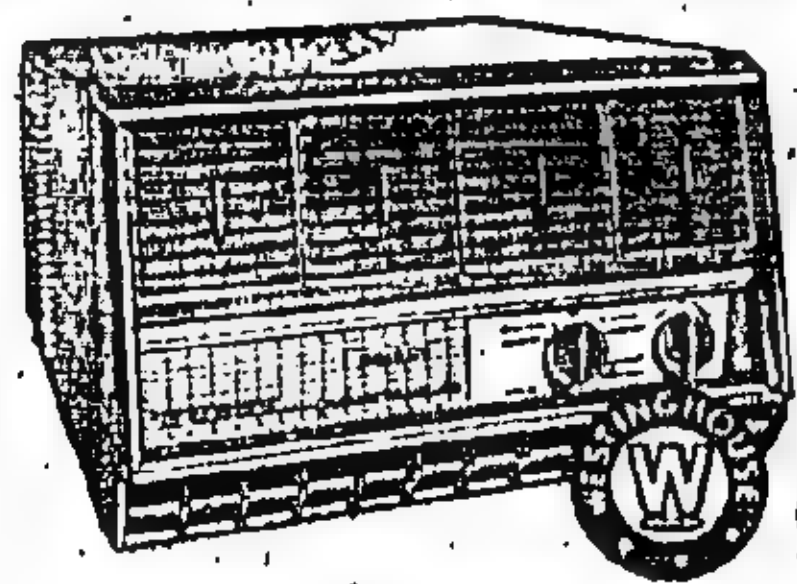


RIGHT: Miss Leung Shiu-bing gets her prize from Mrs Lam Chi-yuen, wife of the Vice-President of the Hongkong Amateur Swimming Association, after setting a new Colony record in the Women's Junior 50 yards "Butterfly" stroke... 37.3 secs.



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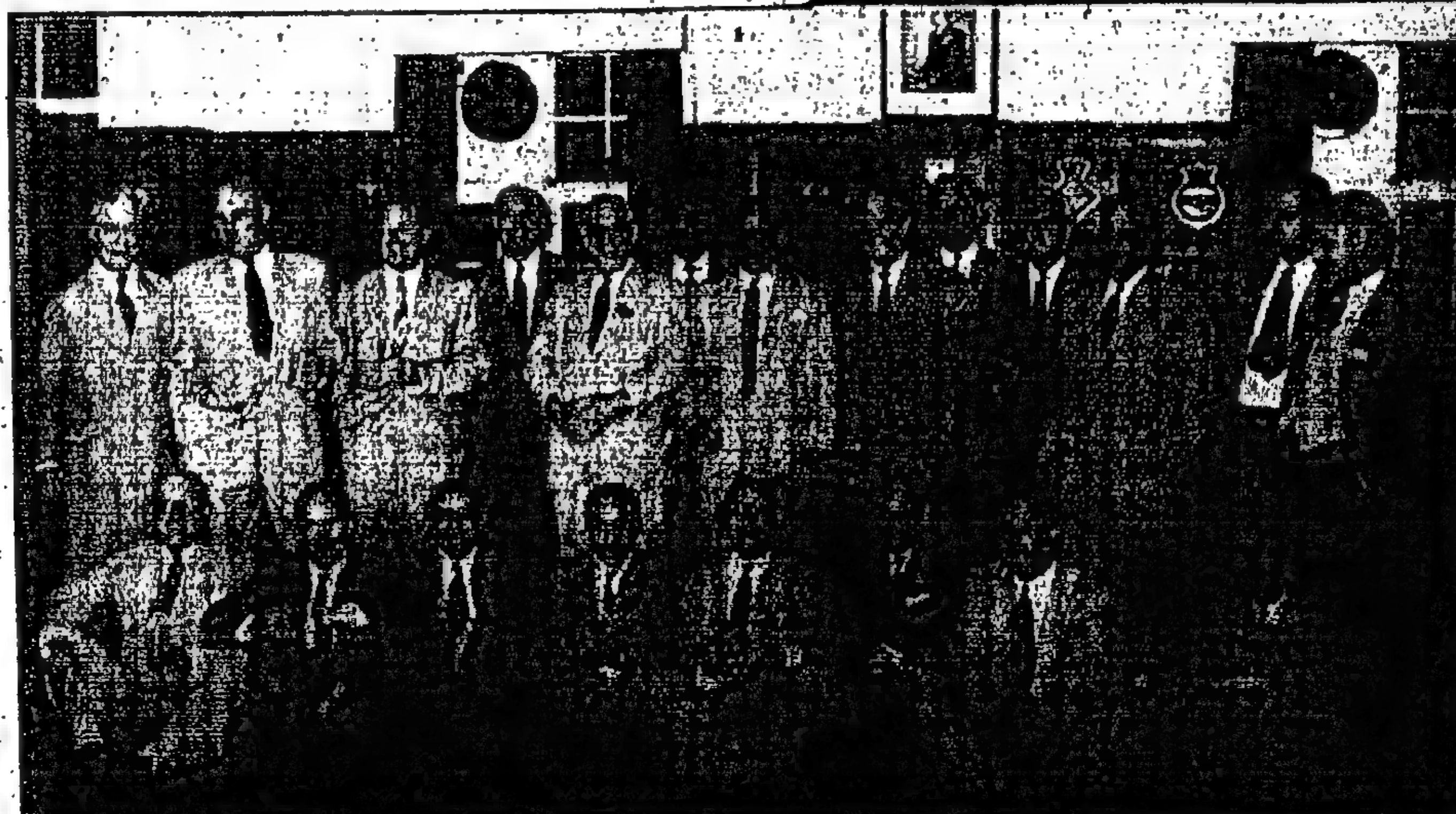
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Maybe their summer has almost gone by too. These were Hongkong's younger generation when the whirlwind attack hit her in 1941 and confined them together in Argyle Street Prison Camp.

Now full grown young men that adults look on as equals stun us with remarks like "When I was born in 1939!" Anyway, the Argyle Street Association is young in heart. "Roll on Winter."

Staff Photographers



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WEEKEND



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"This £20 a week makes you put your heart into the job, doesn't it?"



"And another thing—Lord Hailsham's got a pash new job, just to listen to what's said... but not you... you have to sleep..."



"One of the new Hobbies people for Network Three, I think."



"Remember, don't open up until October 29th—keep a sharp look-out for paratroopers from direction of Transport House!"



"Well, Vivien Leigh paraded the streets to save St. James's, didn't she?"



"As you were! General Spaldon was discussing the evil economy of Marx, not marks!"

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KHRUSHCHEV AND TITO

A matter of "Whether, and if so... How?"

By W. N. EWER

THE recent top-level meeting between the Soviet and Yugoslav leaders, somewhere in Rumania, has been the subject of a lot of comment and speculation. Speculation because, as is so often the case in Soviet affairs, there has been such an atmosphere of secrecy about the whole business. Not a word before the meeting, and hardly a word after it except the formal communiqué.

It was a "summit" meeting, Mr. Khrushchev heading the Soviet delegation, Marshal Tito the Yugoslav. But what was it about, and what has it achieved? One has to go back to the tangled story of Soviet-Yugoslav relations since the big quarrel nine years ago. The fierceness of that quarrel, on the Russian side, was astonishing. There was an attempt to break the Yugoslav economy by cutting off all trade with the Soviet Union and the satellites. Tito was denounced as a blood-thirsty Fascist. And this went on until well after Stalin's death.

Then, two years ago, Khrushchev took charge and started a new line. He went to Belgrade, was effusively friendly to Tito, explained that all the unpleasantness had been the fault of Beria, and that now Beria had been shot, the old friendship could be restored. Tito and the Yugoslavs walked a little warily. They were ready for friendly relations, but they made it clear that they would not give up one jot of their independence. They were Communists, but they themselves would decide and control both their internal and external policies.

OFFER AID

This seemed to work pretty well for a year or so. The Russians not only lifted the economic boycott; they also offered Yugoslavia considerable aid—long-term credits, for example, for a big aluminium plant and an artificial fertiliser plant—and they seemed resigned to the fact that Marshal Tito would continue his "uncommitted" foreign policy, keeping on friendly relations both with the Soviet bloc and with the Western Powers.

Then, last year, came the events in Poland and Hungary. The Yugoslavs made no secret of their sympathy with the desire of the Poles and the Hungarians for national independence. The Russians were greatly suspicious that "Titoism" had been a powerful factor behind the Polish and Hungarian revolts.

Relations became very strained once more. The Soviet Government "postponed" its offers of economic aid, and the old note of abuse began to creep back into speeches and articles. Suslov, for example, accused the Yugoslavs of "national Communism", adding that this was a

Sometime Senior Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. W.N. Ewer is the Diplomatic Correspondent of the London "Daily Herald", and has attended for that newspaper every important international conference since 1914. He is well-known, not only as a writer on world affairs, but also as a broadcaster.

"bourgeois poison." Then Khrushchev seems to have taken a hand again. The anti-Yugoslav campaign died away suddenly. Tito, noting this, spoke again of the possibility of co-operation provided that there was no question of "abandoning our positions of principle."

The matter then began to move quickly. Khrushchev in Prague announced that he had soon to talk to Tito. A Yugoslav economic mission went to Moscow. Khrushchev arranged and presided at a meeting in the USSR of Yugoslav, Bulgarian and Albanian Communist leaders. Now he has met Tito himself.

RELATIONS

So it is pretty plain that Khrushchev is the initiator of the whole move. He is trying hard to re-establish the closest and friendliest relations between Moscow and Belgrade. Just what his purpose is perhaps only he knows; it may only be that he thinks this would be useful in restoring the situation in Eastern Europe. But, for example, it would get rid of any danger of a sort of Polish-Yugoslav entente. Or it may be that he thinks he can, step by step, draw Yugoslavia back into full membership of the Soviet bloc.

How far has he got? We know nothing, of course, of what happened at the meeting. Neither the Soviet nor the Yugoslav press or radio gave any help. We only look at the communiqué and try to read between the lines.

My own judgement, for what it is worth, is that, though obviously things have moved, they have not yet moved very far. There is no pretence of agreement. On the contrary the communiqué says that the two leaders "examined" problems that "hinder the further successful development" of mutual relations. And they will continue to "work for the removal of obstacles to that development". Moreover, there is a declaration that Soviet-Yugoslav relations must be based on "equality, respect for sovereignty, independence and non-interference".

Putting these things together it seems pretty plain that Tito has stood firmly on Yugoslavia's right to go her own way and to "build Socialism" in her own fashion. And that, whatever they may be, the "obstacles" to really good relations between Moscow and Belgrade have not yet been overcome. Now we have to see if Khrushchev will have another try—and if so, how.

WHEN THE COLONIES COME TO A PARTY CONFERENCE

By HAROLD JAMES

FIVE years ago, the Labour Party's annual conference had no less than thirty resolutions on its agenda dealing with Commonwealth and colonial questions. At Brighton there are only eight.

Does this mean there has been a decline in Socialist interest in the subject? Or that the colonial policy of the Conservatives since 1951 has been so successful that there is little left to criticize? Or does it imply a greater unity of thought among political parties at Westminster over the affairs of the Commonwealth?

The truth is probably a bit of all three.

Cost of Living

Overshadowing all topics of discussion in the public mind today is inflation and the cost of living, on the one hand, and the H-bomb and nuclear weapons, on the other. On this last, there are no less than 120 resolutions before the Socialist conference—more than a quarter of the whole. With that degree of concentration on these subjects, colonial affairs tend to be crowded out or forgotten.

But there is also truth in the fact that Labour finds it more difficult to fault Conservative colonial policy. Like its predecessor, the present government has carried on the aim of leading colonial territories towards self-government. So no need now for resolutions pressing for "Freedom" for Ghana, "Marches" for Malaya,

There is a greater measure of agreement between Labour and Conservative thought in these matters than appears on the surface. For example, an all-party delegation to Kenya this year arrived at the same conclusions over that most controversial of colonies. This is a healthy sign.

Then, too, some of the more contentious topics of the past have been wiped off the slate. For example, Setatsi Khama, whose case was a "hardy annual", is back in Bechuanaland.

The federation of Central Africa is now an accomplished fact, but the issue is not dead. Three of this year's colonial resolutions are concerned with the Rhodesias and Nyasaland. The authors of all of them would like to see the federal egg unscrambled. All would oppose any move to full self-government in 1960. One of the resolutions emanates from Manchester where an African Affairs Group, was formed a few years ago especially to fight federation; another is sponsored by South Kensington, the home of many African students in London.

Added Support

This is, then, an indication of what lies ahead—when the constitution is reviewed. Moreover, to Labour opposition on this subject will be added support from sentiments expressed at their Annual Conference.

Cyprus, surprisingly, figures in only one resolution—and this only a mild one. It calls on Labour to make a clear policy statement on the island's future. This is badly needed, for, on

RURITANIAN RAZZ in San Marino

With 20 Chocolate Soldiers and a prison in a tower

From FRANK GOLDSWORTHY: San Marino.

THIS tiny mountain-top republic has more quaint sights than ever for the tourists, now that it is in the middle of a political uproar. And that is quite a point, for San Marino, with a population under 14,000, claims 1,600,000 tourists a year.

Late season visitors to this "island" in the heart of Italy, this living Ruritania, can expect to see—

The Prisoner in the Tower. From time to time he lowers a basket from his cell window to collect cigarettes and money from passers-by.

The San Marino Army. Usually its soldiers appear on only four ceremonial occasions each year. Now it is quarter-mobilised—which provides a daily spectacle of 20 (repeal) 20 Chocolate Soldier types in neat blue uniforms with pillbox hats.

THE CLASH

These are days of crisis, San Marino, isolated 2,000ft. up—literally on a mountain-top—has never had a political clash like this in its 1,600-plus years of independence.

For 12 years, oddly enough, it has been Communist-run. Then last week six Socialist supporters of the Communist Government, leading them with a majority of 29 to 31 in the little parliament.

This happened just as the Parliament was to meet in San Marino's ancient Government Palace to elect the two men-called Captain-Regents—who jointly hold executive power for six months at a time.

So the reigning Captain-Regents declared Parliament dissolved and announced elections for November.

To prevent the anti-Communist Opposition from going ahead with the meeting, they

Are you scared to call your doctor at night?

ACT ONE. Time: 2 a.m. Place: The doctor's house. . . . The telephone rings. A Sleepy, the doctor picks up the phone to hear an urgent voice: "Please, come, doctor, I've had a most odd kind of pain. I know it's late at night, but . . ."

ACT TWO. Time: 3.30 a.m. Place: Somewhere in the suburbs. . . . The patient, the number: "Only indigestion? Funny thing, doc, an hour ago you should have seen me, I was bent double."

ACT THREE. Time: 4 a.m. Place: The doctor's bedroom. Doctor's sleepy wife asks: "Anything wrong, dear?" The

doctor replies crossly: "Merely indigestion." Silence for a moment. The patient, the number: "Why don't you take something for it, dear?"

Most calls at night are quite superfluous, but doctors understand that a pain at three in the morning always seems more frightening than it really is.

Even during the day many calls to the doctor are quite unnecessary. All patients are faced at one time or another with the problem: to phone or not to phone?

No time

If they decide a doctor's opinion is to be desired, then a second decision. Should Mohammed go to the doctor or should the doctor go to Mohammed?

"What would you prefer, doctor?" Mrs. Lawrence asked. "I live only a few doors away." A doctor hasn't time to visit every body. He wouldn't get through his work if people on the whole, didn't come to his surgery.

Also, the doctor can often work better in his consulting room. The examining couch is not a decorative piece of furniture. The doctor has installed it because he can make his diagnosis more efficiently than on a divan or bed, which is usually too low.

There are instruments to hand which can be sterilised. There is silence which allows him to hear the faint sounds picked up by his stethoscope. There is a telephone and a notebook with a list of numbers he might wish to consult.

"So it's to my advantage to be examined in the surgery," Mrs. Lawrence nodded.

"Also, avoid night calls unless they are absolutely necessary," I said. "It's in your own interests. Would you like to make important decisions when you are overtired and sleepy?"

The children

On the other hand, no doctor wants anyone who is feverish in his waiting room. For a temperature indicates that the patient might be infectious.

"I suppose you would rather see children at home?" Mrs. Lawrence asked. Generally doctors prefer to visit sick babies. With older children it depends. If little Jeremy has caught his finger in the door, the doctor would rather see him in his surgery. If the child is infectious or really ill that's another matter.

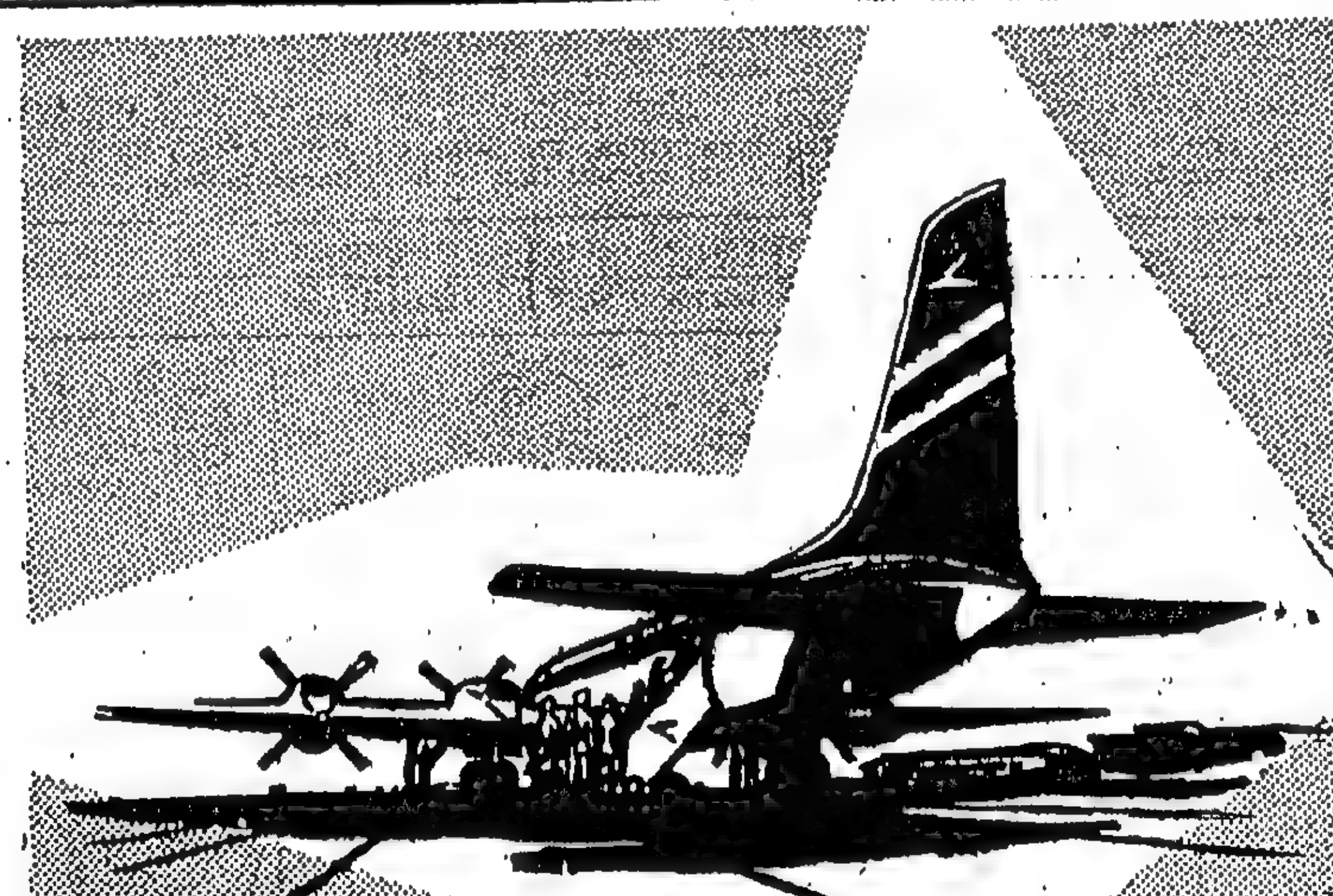
When children are sickening for something, the doctor often cannot make a diagnosis for a few days anyway. The child may just have a bit of a cold or seem off colour and all parents can do is to wait and see. But it is during this early stage, when there is nothing definite, that the child may be most infectious. From the first the best thing to do is to keep the child in bed.

One word

"Then there are those people who think that they can have a consultation anywhere," I said, "even on a bus."

Some people believe the doctor to be fair game. Well, just be honest with yourself. Can you bump into your doctor socially without thinking of your place or your blood pressure or that touch of lumbago you had last week?

Every doctor knows that character who asks for a spot of advice on the side. In the crowded foyer of a theatre, or at the windy corner of a street. Do you think I'm callous? All I do is not sympathetically and say just one, single word. "STRIPE"



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20 REVIEWS ON ONE PAGE

The record companies are riding high on the biggest boom in their history. As days grow shorter sales figures grow longer. Today RAMSDEN GREIG presents his RECORD ROUND in new form

THE agitated leg of the Bermudez bedlam boy, Tommy Steele, is pulled to dislocation point by Morris and Mitch on The Tommy Rot Story (Decca 78). Whisper it not in the coffee bars of the King's Road, but at times the mickety-taking is an improvement on the original.

Also in leg-pulling mood are Joan Hegon and Max Bygraves in Seven-and-a-half Cents (Decca 78). This one is from the Pajama Game. I like Bygraves' Jewish-American accent. The accompaniment, however, sounds as if it comes from a work's brass band. In fact, it comes from an orchestra directed by Malcolm Lockyer.

If anything was designed to bring a little saucy, a sinner, an oh, or an ah from a teenage record rendezvous (and a grunt from an objective record reviewer) is Man on the Moon (Philips 78). The singer: Frankie Vaughan.

The same song is put on record by Jimmy Young (Decca 78). This is the better record.

DRY SCOTCH

Crisp as a piece of dry toast is a French-flavoured selection by the Scottish piano player Bill McGuffie on Mademoiselle from Paris (London, 33). Twelve bouncy tracks include Mademoiselle from Paris, Clopin Clopant, Symphony, C'est si bon and April in Paris. His interpretation of the standards shows an imagination with which few pop piano players are blessed today.

Vanessa Lee, Maxine Daniels, John Henson, and John Gregory and his Orchestra contribute to This is London (Orion, 33), an album that includes The Lambeth Walk, Around the Marble Arch, The Changing of the Guard, Let's All Go Down the Strand and Old Father Thames. This selection is guaranteed to make local residents drowsy-eyed. Like whisky and Scotch bun, no New Year's party should be without it.

If only to listen to her spirited and breathless treatment of When the Saints Go Marching In, the National Anthem of Jazz, I advise you to get Connie Boswell and the Original Memphis Five in Hi-Fi (RCA 33). Her sense of timing is something a pre-war railway guard would envy.

With what the reviewer imagines is a full heart and a

leaky tear duct, Dorothy Squires renders Our Song (Columbia 78). Buy this one for Mum and Dad.

Johnnie Ray, the Nobob of Sob himself, waltzes and cries his way through The Street of Memories (Philips 78). Don't buy this one for Mum and Dad.

SUBTLE FLAYOUR

Some of the most subtle jazz to come out of a record player came out of mine when I played Chamber Music for Moderns (Vogue Coral 33). The Nat Pierce Quintet plays it, and what contributes most to its success is Dick Wetmore, one of a very select band of leaders who can justly place in a jazz combination.

By one of the countless tricks of the recording business you get a choir of Mary Ford and an orchestra made up of Les Pauls on Strollin' Blues (Capitol 78).

The lushest treatment accorded anything I have heard this year is given by Mantovani and his Orchestra to Let Me Be Loved—the James Dean Theme—(Decca 78).

Joe Loss has a strict tempo in his new recording, Mandolin Serenade—from the Chapin film A King in New York—(HMV 78).

MIXED BAG

All the way up from his blue suede shoes and right through his nostrils comes the voice of Elvis Presley delivering Moan Woman Blues, Teddy Bear and Got a Lot of Jive To Do on Loving You (RCA 33). Quieter and more coherent contributions include Loving You and Lonesome Cowboy.

Brunswick have managed to slip a good, nostalgic disc through the rock 'n' roller barrier—Judy Scott singing the Parlor Piano (Brunswick 78). A lusher shop vocal group accompanies the lady.

Good one by poor Peter Sellers is Any Old Iron (Parlophone 78) featuring the Mate's Spoofie Group and one Fred Spoons, E.P.N.S.

Playing it safe in a market that changes with the speed of a five-shows-a-night strip tease artist, Marian Ryan backs a softly, softly ballad That's Happiness (Nixa 78) with a jumpy and raucous item called

A Ding Dong Rock-n-Billy Wedding.

There is value for money on The Lord Taverner's Record All-Star Hit Parade, Number Two (Decca 78). Max Bygraves, the Beverley Sisters, Tommy Steele, the Johnston Brothers, Jimmy Young and Billy Cotton handle the latest pops.

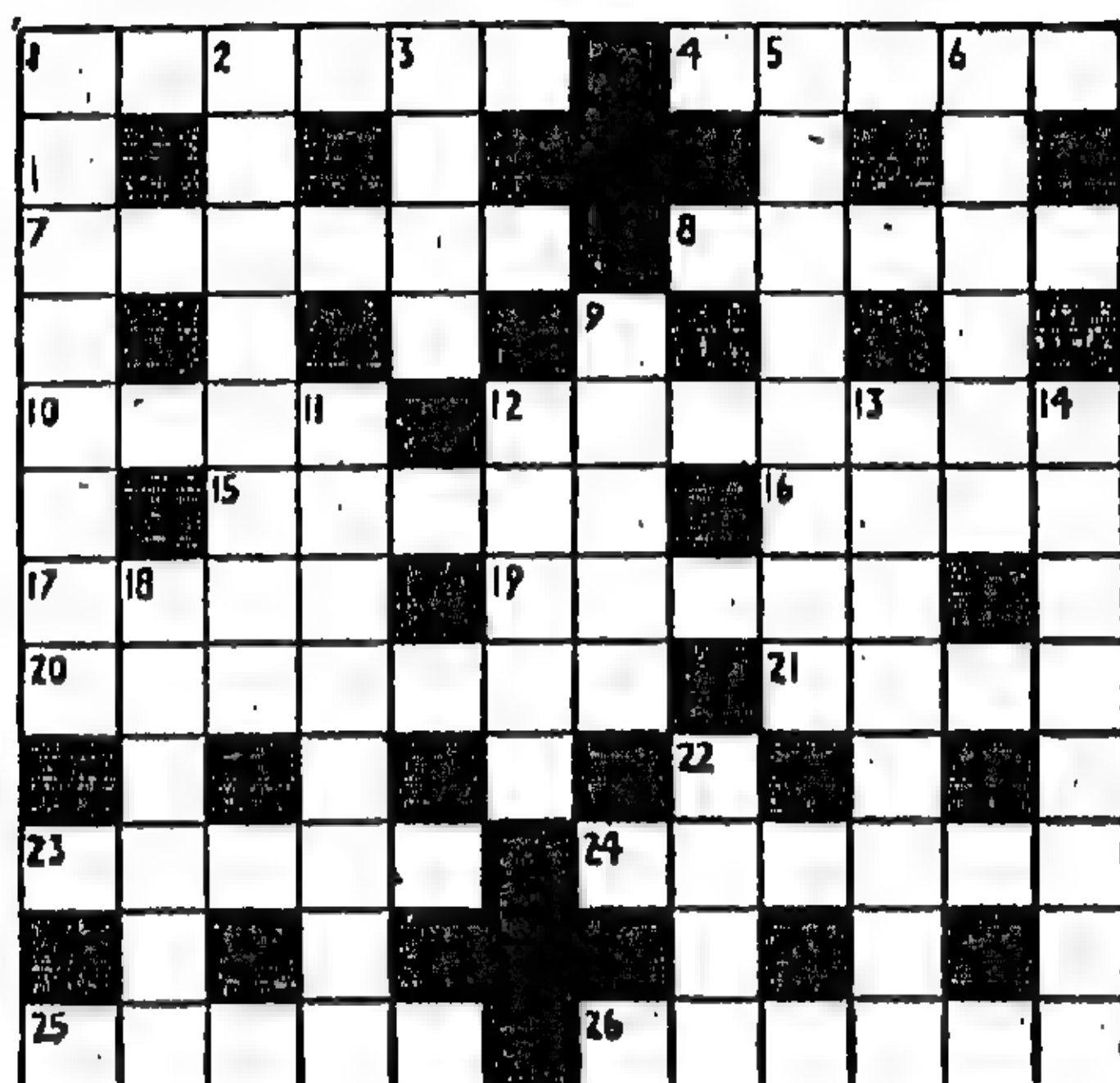
What a surprise is in store for Gilbert and Sullivan fans. Here is a recording of The Gondoliers and It is NOT by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. It is enough to make the staunchest Savoyard blanch. The performance, in fact, is by some distinguished soloists, plus the Pro Art Orchestra conducted by Sir

Malcolm Sargent, plus the Glyndebourne chorus. The result is a beautifully clearly articulated version with some sparkling orchestral playing. Quite different, in fact, from the familiar D'Oyly Carte manner. Not necessarily better, but certainly no worse. On HMV.

The remarkable Campoli continues to astonish admirers by the ever-widening range of his repertoire. This month, Decca give us this artist playing Kreisler's transcription of the first Tchaikovsky violin concerto, and the Saint-Saens concerto No. 3, both on one disc. A must for all lovers of violin music.

(London Express Service).

A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS**
- Whirlpool (6)
 - Take advantage (6)
 - Bedouins perhaps (6)
 - Temporary accommodation (6)
 - Arise and stir (6)
 - Breacher (7)
 - Slippy (6)
 - Play part (4)
 - Vocal inflection (4)
 - Brain-waves (6)
 - Unaffected (7)
 - Fakehouse feature (4)
 - Star being different (5)
 - May be pressed in a call (6)
 - Floral standards (5)
 - Thoroughly acquainted—as a poet? (6)
- DOWN**
- It is, as it were, a private feud (3)
 - A sow, for example (6)
 - Odd's partners? (4)
 - Ghostly (6)
 - Put about, as a shopkeeper may do? (6)
 - Financial letters? (6)
 - What a bite is good at? (6)
 - Spread abroad (6)
 - Country of fibrous (8)
 - Hefted (6)
 - Great leap (6)
 - Solid square (6)
- FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD**—Across: 3. Ratchet, 5. Rolled, 6. Clusters, 11. Indolent, 13. Home, 15. Acet, 16. Erase, 17. Avon, 22. Erase, 23. Cuts, 24. Propel, 25. He shoves Down: 1. Trail, 2. Bludge, 3. Recluse, 4. Idle, 5. Cunt, 6. Omen, 7. Sinner, 10. Union, 14. Cruel, 15. Tears, 16. Leucor, 17. Cornet, 20. Snipe, 21. Adult, 22. Sues, 23. Asps.

£200 AND I'LL KEEP YOUR NAME OUT, SAID HARRIETTE

THE GAME OF HEARTS. By Lesley Blanch. Gryphon. 28s. 472 pages.

HARRIETTE WILSON met life more than halfway. That was probably the trouble. For she was in the end a failure.

In the profession to which Nature and her mother had called her, she seemed for a time to float on the crest of the wave. She mixed with the highest in the land, the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Ponsonby, Lord Clarendon, etc. She had her own house, servants, horses, box at the opera.

But for real, lasting success in an exacting branch of commerce, something more was needed than a pretty figure, high spirits and a low moral code. It was advisable—while seeming only to put away something for a rainy day.

But Harriette's mind was never actually bent on business. A strapping but penniless baroness was as likely to attract her as a peer of the realm. She pawned diamonds when she should have turned them into Consols, then standing at the low figure of 81 (look at them now). And she sent the Duke of Beaufort back his son's letters (worth £20,000 at any reasonable estimation) with a letter saying that her only wish was to be considered more kindly by the Beauforts.

£300 for libel

So it came about that the Queen of Regency courtships was driven by indignance to writing her memoirs—and sending a circular to her old friends advising each that his name would be omitted on a payment of £200.

Some paid. Mr Blore, a Pleadingstonemason, got £300 for libel. The Duke of Wellington replied: "Publish and be damned."

On the day the memoirs were published, barriers were needed at the bookstalls to keep the crowds in order. In her introduction to this new, abridged edition, Lesley Blanch tries to make Harriette an appealing, pathetic figure, who reluctantly stooped to blackmail under the influence of a sinister, bully named Rochford. The attempt to cast a sentimental veil over Harriette does not succeed.

However, it must be agreed that she had some provocation.

by George Malcolm Thomson
Evening Standard Book Critic

The Duke of Beaufort had promised her an annuity of £500 as a reward for releasing his son from bondage. His Grace then tried to get out of the bargain with a single down-payment of £1,200. In any Wolfenden Report of about 1830, Harriette would unquestionably have figured. Her mother had mended gentlemen's stockings, and occasionally their hearts, in a little shop in Shepherd Market.

For Harriette the street was first playground and then place of business. What she lacked was the touch of caution which would have given her, in retirement, a comfortable income, a pleasant little house somewhere near the Park and the placid company of her ex-lovers.

Respectable time

As it was the heyday of Regency courtships, her entertaining reminiscences (Casanova with no sanctity and fewer lies) in which the life of Regency rakes and demi-reps appears at its most garish and unguarded.

The first John Murray refused to publish Harriette Wilson's Memoirs when they were originally composed. Today John Murray, under the name of Gryphon Books, publishes this new edition. Time has brought respectability to the book if not to the lady.

A lover?

GEORGE MOORE: LETTERS TO LADY CUNARD. Hart-Davis. 27s. 6d.

THIS great question about George Moore has always been—was he a lover at all? His reputation as an amoralist has suffered from his habit of improving fact with fiction. This collection of letters to Lady Cunard, along with Rupert Hart-Davis's introduction, should dispose of the question to this extent.

Moore, it now seems clear, was at one stage Maud Cunard's lover in the full sense. As an Irish gentleman, what other course was open to him? The lady had said: "You can make love to me now, if you like."

"I admired her cold sensuality," said Moore, "cold because it was divorced from tenderness and passion."

He argued against marriage on conventional lines. "If we married we should be very happy—for six months."

Faithful friend

He suffered a little from her infidelities and, a little less, from her marriage (1893) to Sir Bache Cunard.

Later—and with obvious relief—he became her faithful friend.

Thirty-five years after meeting her, he wrote: "I never forget that you are the only woman that matters. I dare say that I did not love you as well as I might have, but I gave you all the love I was capable of."

All the love he was capable of added up to 270 letters.

Many of them are commonplace, a few vibrate with real emotion. There is a comic mor at when Lady Cunard decided to discard the name Maud in favour of Emerald. Moore wired frantically: "Who is Emerald? Are you married? G.M."

He had searched the telephone directory and could find only one Mr Emerald, a paint manufacturer.

(London Express Service).

Dorothy Squires aims to slay Las Vegas

MISS Dorothy Squires, who in her day has been red-headed, auburn-headed, even blue-headed, and is currently blonde-headed, sat beside her swimming pool (blue-tinted) and told me: "Four years ago they were saying I was all washed up. After 20 years in show business I was a has-been, they said."

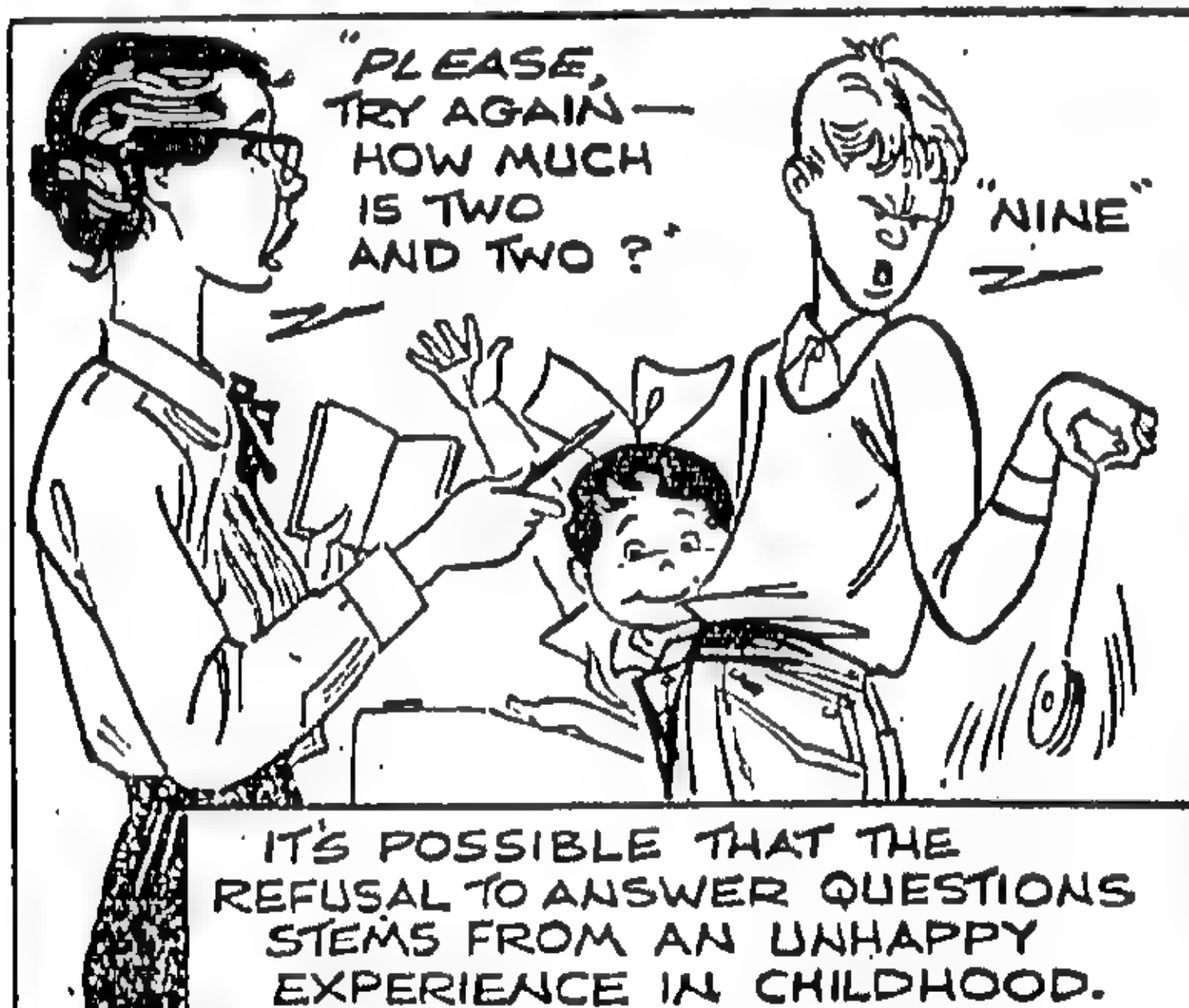
"They were right too. Today? I've never felt so good. 'More champagne?' She looked at the nine-bedroomed, three-bathroomed Bexley (Kent) mansion she calls home and went on: "Four years ago I was thinking of selling this place. Today? Well, today I've also got a house in California."

She bid British show business a soldier's farewell (Miss Squires is Welsh, and consequently a dab hand at such matters) and went to America. Her parting words were: "There is so much more to do in the States. You can even make money."

An invitation to join the harmonious Andrews Sisters fell through. The Andrews Sisters being unharmonious off stage at that time. But a smooth tongue (I have already said the lady is Welsh) got her other dates. In two years she was singing in Las Vegas night clubs.

Almost apologetically she added: "It hasn't got a swimming pool."

VIGNETTES OF LIFE



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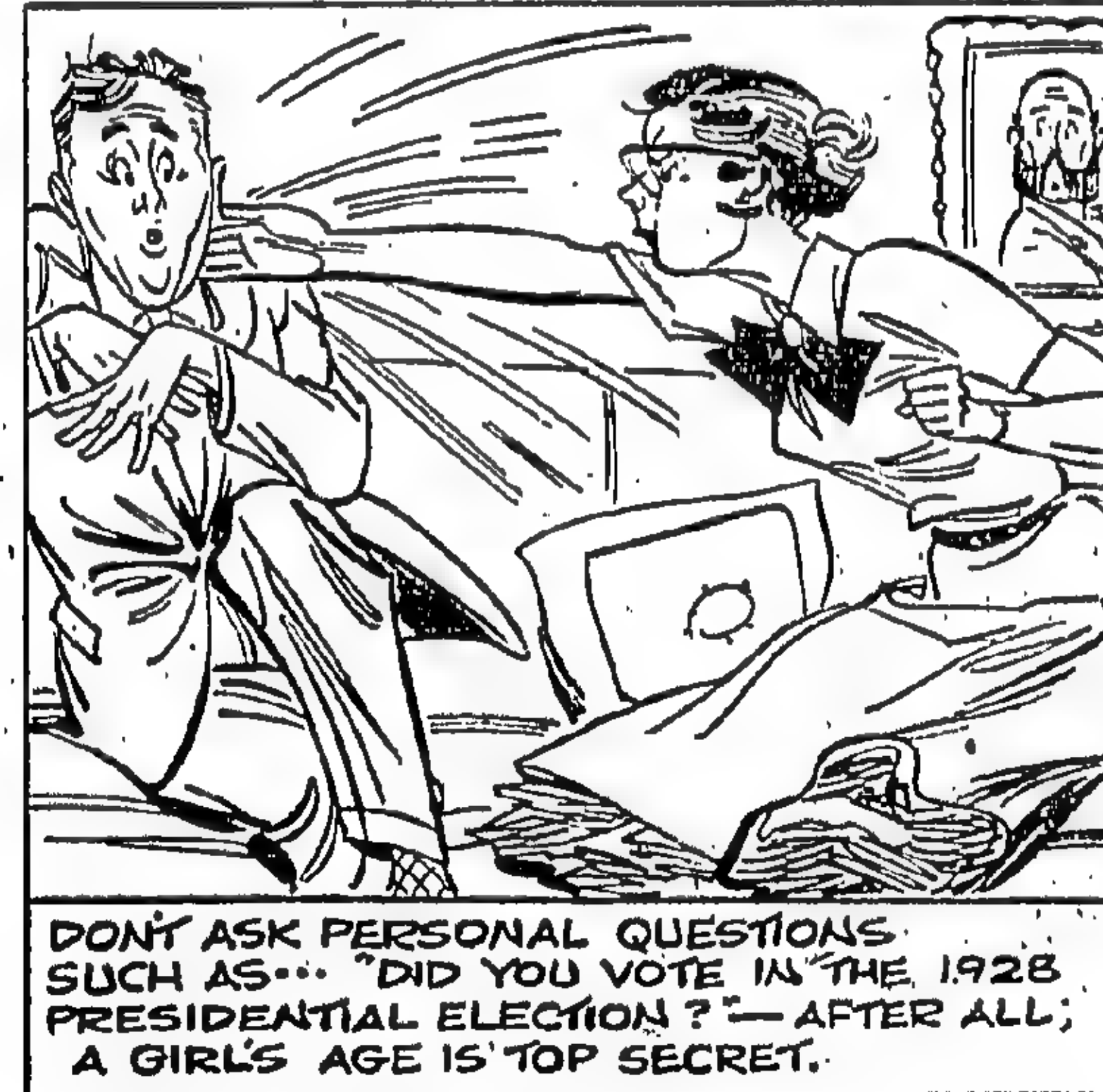
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THEN THERE ARE THE ONES WHO TAKE THE ATTITUDE: IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS—WHILE OTHERS REFUSE TO GIVE AN ANSWER SIMPLY BECAUSE THEY HAVEN'T ANY.

No Answer

By Harry Weinert



PITCH A FEW CURVES—EVENTUALLY SHE'LL STRIKE OUT—WELL ANYWAY, YOU CAN TRY.

With all the modesty at her disposal, Miss Squires said: "I am a bigger name there than I ever was here."

Her library

Through diamond-studded spectacles (which since her resurrection have ceased to be morose-coloured glasses) she looked at the book-lined library wall, and said: "I'll have to get a new lot of books. This present selection is hardly in keeping with the new wallpaper."

50 trials

This is the room with the tape recorder in it. This is where, when the rest of Bexley has gone to bed, the Iron Lady of Show Business (with apologies to Mr. Ikey Bogan) will sing a song as often as 50 times before she puts it on to a gramophone record.

You can hear the result of Miss Squires' late-night billiards rehearsals on Our Song (Columbia, 78).

TUNG WAH HAVE QUITE A PROBLEM ON THEIR HANDS

FORGOTTEN STAR IS BACK

By DAVID JACK

When Len Browning, Sheffield United centre-forward, was stricken with chest trouble four years ago, he thought his footballing days were over. Now he's not so sure. Because Browning is back in football again.

Playing in the Yorkshire League for East End Park, Len has started his comeback season with four goals in four games. Now, it is being suggested that the forgotten man is planning a return to League football.

Sheffield United manager Joe Mercer told me: "Len is offered at Bramall Lane playing in day-side matches, and if he did decide on a comeback, I would like to see him. I think he is a good player."

Browning, who lives in Leeds, tells me: "The reason I have not played for four years is because I was stricken with chest trouble. The only problem really is the testimonial money I received when I retired."

More than £2,000 was raised at a benefit game for him. If Len succeeds in his return to the game, he will be almost a carbon copy of what happened to Bob Appleyard, Yorkshire's Test bowler. Appleyard, too, Browning and Appleyard shared the same hospital ward during their treatment.

Wanted Men

Neil Lammiman, Plymouth Argyle's transfer-listed centre-forward, has been told that he is not wanted. Neil is a 23-year-old, 5'10" tall, 140 lb. forward. He has played for Northampton, Crewe, or Wrexham. The clubs asking about him, maybe Birmingham City will oblige.

If Argyle want to cash in on players, they could pocket £20,000-plus for Neil. Neil's agent, Reg Wyatt, Manager Jack Rowley tells me, however, "We want to get into the

Second Division. That's why we turned down a bid of £15,000 for Williams." Wyatt and Williams were both converted from sidesporters. Williams was with manager Rowley, West Brom and Wolves would pay big money for them.

Southampton will part with Scottie, inside-forward Tommy Mulgrew if they get a reasonable offer. Mulgrew was with Newcastle United.

Not So Odd

Twins, comedian Alan Young, comes from California but he's one of Manchester United's keenest fans. Not so odd for an American to be interested in soccer. Alan runs his own team in Los Angeles, and his star player is Billy Steele.

Now that Stoke City have signed Stockport goalkeeper Arthur Barnard, they've lost interest in Dave McIntosh of Sheffield Wednesday. But Wednesday wouldn't stand in Dave's way if he got the chance of first team football with another club.

October 23 is date fixed for the opening of Leicester City's floodlights. Opponents are champions of Germany, Borussia (Dortmund). Oldham Athletic have made a bid about £10,000 for Manchester United white-half, Matt Busby is still not interested in parting.

Not Finished

Tommy Cahill, Barrow full-back, rated in the £10,000 class, is making a great effort to recover from ligament and



chest trouble. No wonder Barrow are annoyed at the premature announcement that Tommy has given up soccer. "He's been out since April—but he's not finished," I was told.

Moving Soon?

Exeter City goalkeeper George Hunter, who played for Celtic in the Scottish Cup Final at the age of 19, is likely to be on the move soon.

Former Exeter manager Norman Dodd says: "Somebody should snap him up quickly. Hunter is undoubtedly the best goalkeeper in the Third Division (South)." Watford went in for youth recruitment two years ago, sorting out 16 likely lads for coaching. Now nine of the 16 have turned professional—an amazingly high percentage of success.

Pick of the bunch, according to manager Neil McInnes, is Vince McInnes, 18-year-old centre-half who is nearly six-foot. Says Neil: "Vince used

to be a Brentford amateur. I'm glad they missed him."

Stars Stay Now

Southend United have never held on to star players when big offers have been made—but I don't think that applies now.

Left-winger Johnny McGuigan is playing well enough to cause Newcastle United and Birmingham City to renew interest, but Southend boss Eddie Perry tells me: "We're trying to put Southend United on the football map—and we won't do that by selling our best players."

PAY-OFF: South-Western League club Bognor conceded 23 goals in their first four matches. I'm told they're not allowing their own trumpets about that record!

The Question Remains: Could Their Critics Have Done Better?

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

At the Club Stadium last Sunday, Tung Wah played their first game as a senior side. To put it mildly theirs was a most inglorious debut in the upper circle and it was very interesting later to hear something of the reaction among Chinese fans to their policy... but strangely enough Tung Wah are only undergoing an experience that it is common to football the world over where league football is played under the promotion and relegation system.

Every team that wins promotion to a higher sphere faces the great decision of whether to stand by the players who won the promotion or to go into the market and obtain new experienced players... experienced, that is, in the grade of football in which the team will have to play.

It is a very difficult decision to make and, generally speaking, the officials are on the thick end of a heavy stick no matter which way their decision goes.

If they decide to stand by their own players and later find that the new opposition is too strong enough to hold its own in the top class and they went into the open market and collected the signatures of established stars like Toledo, Lee Kwok-wah, Kung Wah-kit and Tso Kung-ho... four players who are good enough to take their place in any side in the Colony. But, alas, four players do not make a team.

Of the other seven who made up the Tung Wah team last Sunday only two looked anything like first class standard and unless the officials can do something to strengthen the side in the remaining positions they seem certain to suffer the "up-and-down" in one season, say which the pessimists are already forecasting for them.

Let the hard-bitten critics give this new team a chance to find its feet... they may yet fulfil the big things that were so confidently being forecast for them a couple of year-long weeks ago.

One of the most significant features of the games played so far between European and Chinese sides has been the difference in attitude towards the ball. The European side is holding and passing the ball. I have now watched the Combined Services in their Charity match and the Army in two League games... and it was impossible not to compare the Chinese dictum that "possession is nine points of the football law" with the British boys' speculative style in which the long pass is exploited in the hope that it will find a suitably placed colleague.

Once a Chinese player has the ball he immediately looks for a nearby teammate and at the right moment pushes the ball accurately to him... AND MOVES INTO POSITION FOR THE RETURN PASS.

This is the modern conception of soccer accuracy. It was this inch-perfect passing that lifted the magnificent Hungarian national side of a few years ago to the top of the tree.

At one stage during the second half of the Sing Tao Army game on Thursday the Tigers produced several brilliant bouts of passing... and it didn't matter one bit to them whether the ball moved forward, backwards, or across. The great thing was that it had to go to the feet of another man in a yellow shirt.

Just before the seventh Sing Tao goal the Tigers indulged in an interlude of passing in which the ball was played fifteen times—my colleague says it was sixteen—by a Tiger without an Army boot getting within striking distance of it. It was delightful stuff to watch. What is far more important, however, is that such tactics soon demoralize the opposition who chase shadows without getting even the satisfaction of a kick at the ball.

Poor By Comparison

The soldiers' speculative stuff looked poor by comparison. I believe this is one great lesson young British players can learn during their sojourn in Hong Kong. The necessity for the Chinese style has been partly forced upon the players by their lack of height and weight... but they have developed their art to a high level and they are proving conclusively that a short, gently hit pass, accurately delivered to a colleague, is better than the mighty smash which finds a waiting opponent.

exacting circumstances as we find them today. The decision which faces a club is not easily answered. Neither is it possible to generalize on matters of principle. The Tung Wah officials obviously decided that their promotion-winning team was not strong enough to hold its own in the top class and they went into the open market and collected the signatures of established stars like Toledo, Lee Kwok-wah, Kung Wah-kit and Tso Kung-ho... four players who are good enough to take their place in any side in the Colony. But, alas, four players do not make a team.

Significant Features

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SPORTS QUIZ

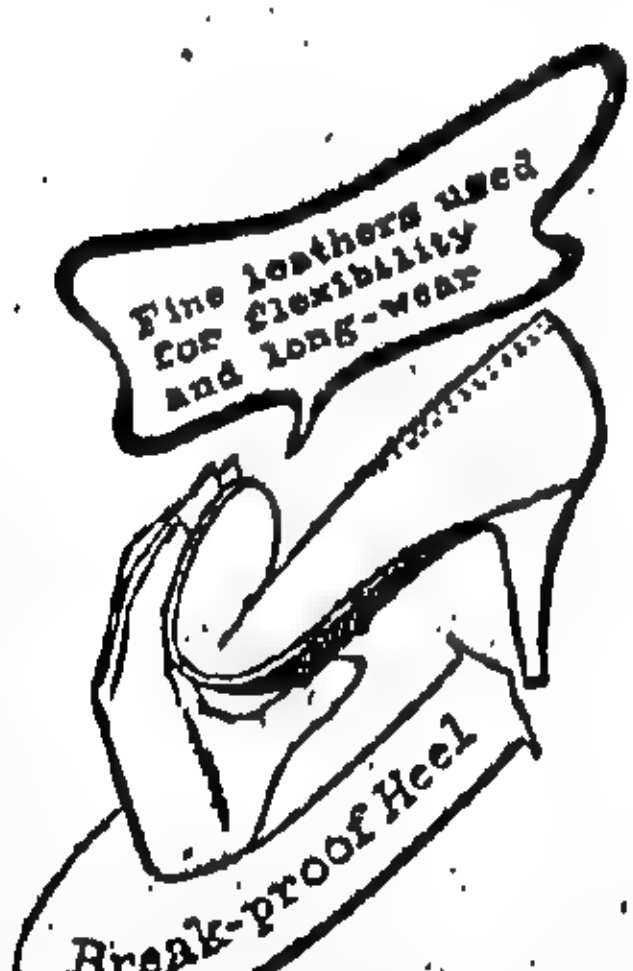
- 1 Tennis star Ken Rosewall has won all the world's major amateur singles titles except one. Which one did he miss?
- 2 Sugar Ray Robinson has had 140 fights. Has he been defeated two, six, ten or thirteen times?
- 3 With what sports do you associate a Prince Birabongse b. Prince Hal c. Prince Obolensky.
- 4 How is a no-ball signalled in cricket?
- 5 As Crown Prince Olav, the new king of Norway once won an Olympic gold medal. In what sport?
- 6 Who is the present American Open Golf Champion?
- 7 What sport was provided with rules by the Marquess of Queensbury?
- 8 What do these abbreviations stand for: a. B.M. b. MCC c. LTA?
- 9 Who is vice-captain of the Australian cricket team on their present tour of South Africa?
- 10 What are the nationalities of these athletes—Paavo Nurmi, Sidney Wooderson, Melvin Patton?

Answer See Page 17.



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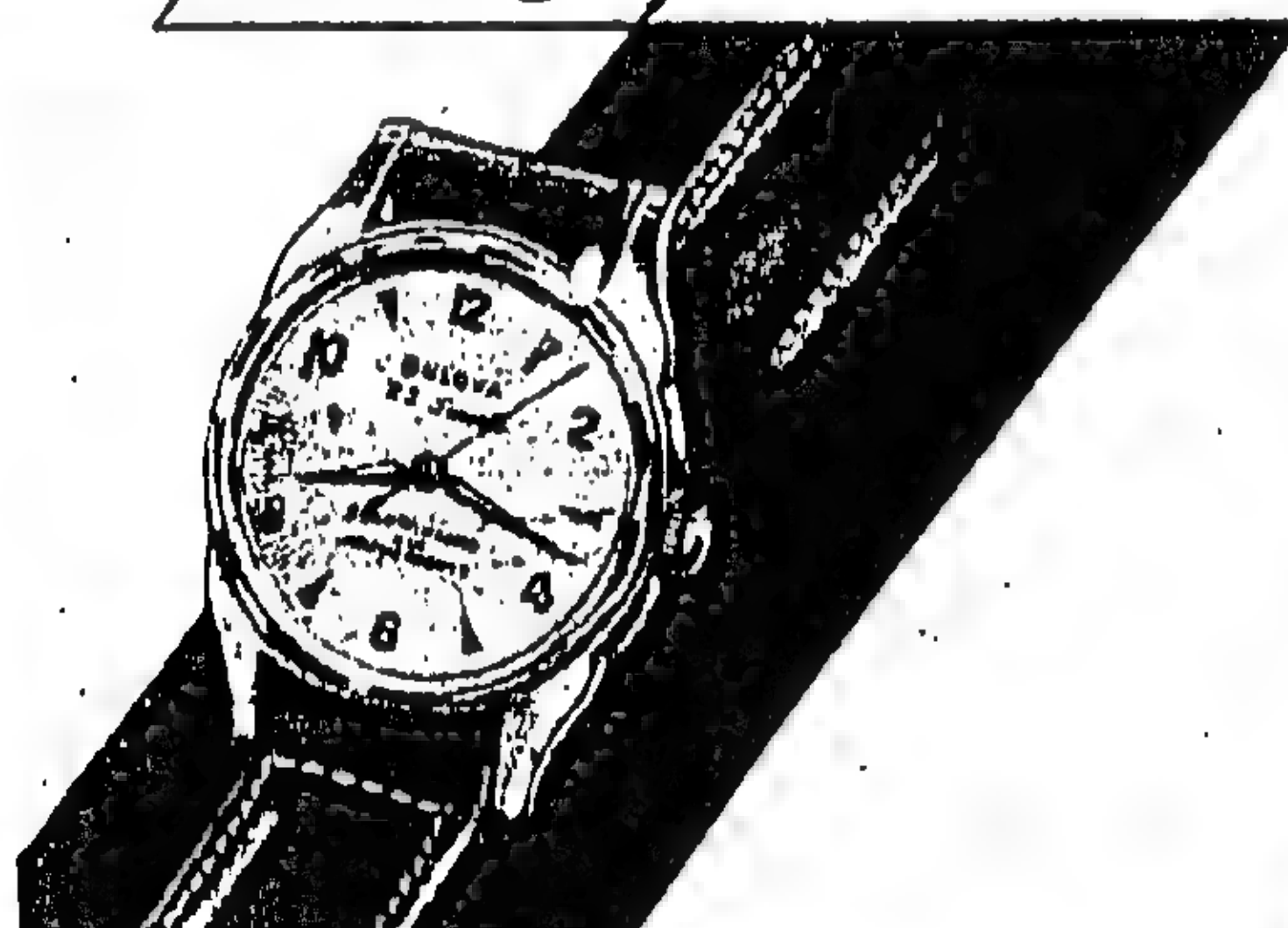


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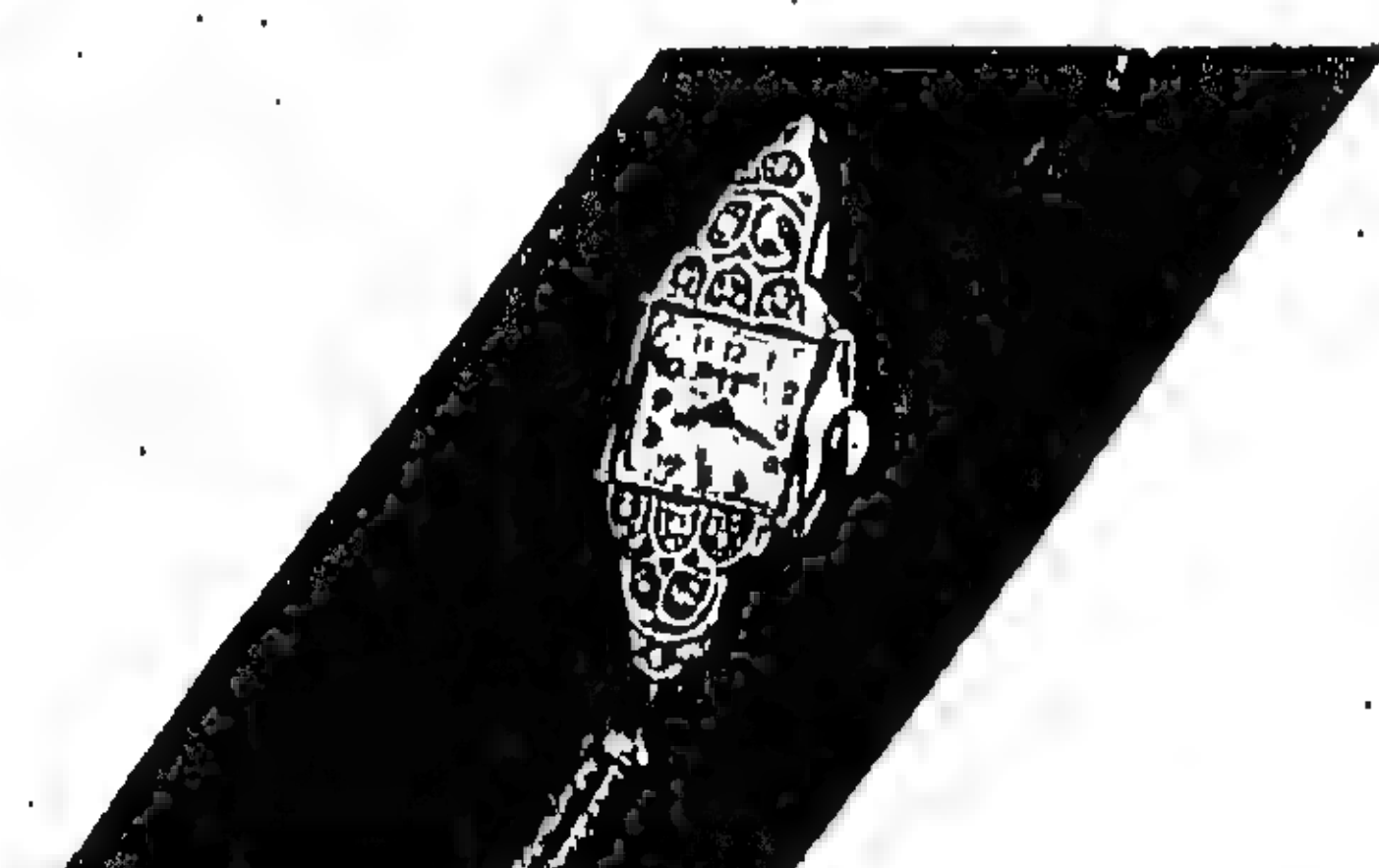


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Unbreakable Mainspring.



Sports Diary

TODAY

First Race Meeting of the 1957-58 season, at Happy Valley, at 2 p.m.

Soccer:
Div. 1: Eastern v Kwong Wah (Club); Kitchener v Tung Wah (Club); KMB v Jardines (BS). All matches at 6.20 p.m.

Reserve Div.: Kitchener v Tung Wah (Club), 4 p.m.

Div. 2: South China v Gymnastic (Club); HONG KONG v Aircraft (BS); Tai Po v R.A.F. Sal Wan (R.V.). All matches at 4 p.m. C & W v Pegasus (R.V.), 5.30 p.m.

Div. 3: Tamar v Happy Valley (R.V.); Pegasus v C.A.T. v R.V. (R.V.); 4 p.m.; Dodwell v A.F.S. (R.V.), 5.30 p.m.

Rugby:
R.A.F. Island v 4th Brigade (Navy); Police v Club (R.V.); (BS); Garden v Club "A" (BS); Royal Navy v R.A.F. Mainland (Navy).

Cricket:
Div. 1: Police v Army; South China v C.C.C.; Reserve v R.A.F. Army North v H.K.C. Optimists v Navy.

Div. 2: H.K.C. v R.C.C. Harlequin; Centaur v Dockyard; University v D.B.S.; Army South v Police; R.A.F. v Navy.

Tennis:
Schoolboys Interclub, Hong Kong v Hong Kong at Urban Council, King's Park, 5.30 p.m.

Hockey:
Hokey Trial at Soekunpoo, 2.30 p.m.

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SAINTS TAKE ON THE UNPREDICTABLE PANDAS IN TOMORROW'S BIG GAME

Jimmy Greaves Is No Longer One Of The Multitude In English Soccer Today

By DEREK JOHN

London.

A year ago Jimmy Greaves was one of the multitude in English soccer. Sixteen years old, he went to school during the day, sold newspapers in the evening, played football whenever he could. Today Jimmy Greaves is no longer one of a crowd. Among the millions that go to make up the soccer public of the home of football he stands almost alone. In those twelve months the newspaper boy has become a star.

Or, more exactly, in just one month. Before this season he was a hopeful youngster on the Chelsea ground staff. When he was included in the Chelsea first team in the first match of the season many fans thought that manager Ted Drake was rushing the lad too quickly.

"If a player is good enough he is old enough," declared Drake.

Greaves scored the winning goal against Tottenham, established his place in the Chelsea team, was picked for the England Under-23 side and now carries the hopes of the future of English football...

For in that Under-23 match, against Bulgaria, Greaves struck up an understanding with fellow inside-forward Johnny Haynes—another boy prodigy of five years ago—which had even cautious critics comparing their play to that of a Ralph Carter and Wilf Mannion.

A Double Act

They turned on a double act which had the Bulgarians reeling. They scored goals, they scored goals, they scored goals, they scored goals, they scored goals...

Following out the usual cautious clichés one can say that these are early days, that things can go wrong, etc. All very true. But on the evidence to hand one must admit that the Haynes-Greaves partnership can push English soccer right to the top. I do not think that it will be long before we see it operating in a full international match.

In fact I put the date at October 10, and the place, Cardiff. That is the occasion of England's first match of the season, against Wales.

With the World Cup now very much with us—the final stages of the tournament take place in Sweden in June—England must get down to putting the final touches to her team building.

These final touches may see a complete re-thinking, with the Haynes-Greaves partnership as the keynote.

That would seem to be the advice of the Bulgarians. They tip England to win the World Cup. They do so not only on the strength of the Under-23 match, but taking into consideration, full and B team internationalists against Russia and Hungary, two of the strongest European soccer countries.

Says coach Nako Chankov: "England's young players are much stronger than both these countries and their technical skill is brilliant."

What impressed the Bulgarians was the way the England players allied command of the ball to determined, aggressive finishing.

Fighting Fury

You've probably heard of a chap called Carmen Basilio.

You know him as the fighter whose granite jaw and fighting fury won him the world middleweight title from "Sugar Ray" Robinson in one of the most brutal battles in ring history.

Carmen Basilio is also one of the most gentle and devout boxers in ring history. Maybe he leaves his gentleness behind when he goes into battle. But, robed and cowed like a monk, he takes his religion with him, crossing himself with his gloved hand before every round.

The most dramatic demonstration of his faith came at the end of the Robinson fight. The 38,000 crowd was going wild. Everybody was on his feet cheering. Basilio would have been excused a victory wave, even a cheer.

First, he dropped to one knee and prayed his thanks.

An after fight reflection: If the bout had been staged in England, Robinson would probably have got the verdict for his vastly superior boxing ability and perhaps on his classic left hand punching alone.

But in the fight trade these days, especially in America, "fight" is the key word. Despite his years Robinson boxed well enough to win. By normal standards he should have won. But he didn't. (It should be mentioned, however, that many, including the referee, thought he had.)

Followers of boxing's finer arts point to Archie Moore's win over Tom Anthony as vindication of the skilled craftsman's approach. But two years ago Moore showed just as much skill backed by just as much punching power, only to lose to the toughest rock of all—Mariano.

But to would-be tough guys who think that world titles are theirs for the taking I would give this warning: You've got to be tough beyond the limits of normal human strength—way beyond. Even then you can finish up an awful mess.

Skill Emphasis

If you want to become a boxer and don't want to get into the ring, then go to Finland. The Finnish boxing authorities have just worked out a rule which is aimed to stop boxers doing each other harm.

It works this way. A knock-out punch does not necessarily win a man a fight. Should his

opponent have been ahead on points at the time then he is declared the winner. The idea is to put all the emphasis on skill. I'm just waiting for the rule which says boxers mustn't hit each other.

At Wembley the other week Barry Briggs became the new World Speedway Champion, and was about the least excited man in the vast Empire Stadium.

Barry wasn't particularly keen about competing for in a nearby hospital lay his younger brother Maury, with a fractured skull. It was sustained in a practice ride earlier in the week.

The Ryder Cup match, at the Lindrick course, near Sheffield, on October 4 and 5, is a contest between the best golfers of Britain and the United States.

But Cory Middlecott won't be there, nor will Jimmy Demaret, nor even Sam Snead. For, like Britain, America bases team selection on a qualifying system. Middlecott and Demaret missed two qualifying matches.

So Middlecott's position as runner-up in the American Open, which followed his victory in the 1956 tournament, counted for nothing. Nor did Demaret's place near the top of the American golf averages.

Trouble is America has so many first class golfers that it's impossible to choose a team except on qualifying tournaments.

It's the same with athletics. So it came about that in the 1955 Wembley Games Harrison Dillard, who held the world record for the 110 Metres Hurdles, knocked a hurdle and failed to qualify in that event. So he entered for the 100 Metres, qualified and won an Olympic gold medal.

Britain's golf qualifying system means that the side will be without Tom Halliburton, who has been in great form this year but not last, when the qualifying period began.

As Britain does not have so many players to choose from the team will in future be chosen on a compromise system. The seven top players in the averages will be picked automatically, the remaining three will be form choices.

(London Express Service.) (COPYRIGHT)

The Ancients Should Hold A Slight Edge

Says "TIME OUT"

The perennial Softball Champions, St Joseph's, will be seen in action for the first time this season when they take on D. S. Ling's unpredictable Pandas at 3.30 p.m. tomorrow afternoon at King's Park. This encounter will take the spotlight in a full League programme over the week-end.

Other Senior games down for decision are the Warriors-Navy, and the CAA-Dodgers tilts, also scheduled for Sunday. The Juniors come in for their share of the diamond as two games will be played off this afternoon and one tomorrow morning.

Pandas, who were lucky enough to edge out South China last Sunday, will meet their first stiff hurdle in the ageing Saints.

Robinson in one of the most brutal battles in ring history. Carmen Basilio is also one of the most gentle and devout boxers in ring history. Maybe he leaves his gentleness behind when he goes into battle. But, robed and cowed like a monk, he takes his religion with him, crossing himself with his gloved hand before every round.

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It works this way. A knock-out punch does not necessarily win a man a fight. Should his

(London Express Service.) (COPYRIGHT)

Pandas line-up will be effective.

Starting pitcher for the Pandas will once again be Jackie Wei. Although Wei has slowed down a bit in recent years, he can still be counted on to give a credible performance. Assisting him at the other end will be peppy Raymond Tsao.

In the infield quartet, none other than Y. S. Liang will patrol the windy alley, Iankey Harold Ong at first, Wally Ma at third and versatile Peter Hann at second.

Main Weakness

The Pandas' main weakness lies in the pastures. The trio consists of Lam Ping at left, S.S. Hsu at centre and lefty Frank Cheng at right. Unless pitcher Wei can halt the Saints' big guns, these three will be in for a royal time.

Southpaw A.R. Salter will be facing the mound for the Saints, with all-rounder Sherry Backs calling the shots. The one and only Benny Omar will cover the hot-corner with Dave "Bambino" Leonard at first. Utility pitcher P.C. Wong will be seen in action at shortstop. How he will fare in this new position remains to be seen. Guarding the keyhole will be either A.K. Ismail or Jock Brown.

The outfield trio of this formidable team is sparked by last year's batting champion L.C. Poon, at centre. Poon is considered as one of the best fielders as well as one of the most dangerous batters in local softball. Mennie Xavier will take over left and A.E. Ismail right.

Fans and players alike will be treated to a first class game with sufficient thrills and spills.

Now A Threat

Fred Diesta's P.I. Dodgers will also be seen in action for the first time when they tangle with the CAA XI at 11.30 a.m. tomorrow. With Vic Pedruco in the roster, the Dodgers are now considered a threat to the top-contending teams. If Pedruco will toe the mound, the Dodgers should have little or no trouble in putting away the very weak CAA. The Athletics gave a miserable performance last week and will have to dish up a new brand of ball if they intend to take this tussle.

Another team making their first appearance this season are Al Oliveira's Warriors. The Warriors tangle with the US Navy, once again represented by the USS Oreo,

at 1.30 p.m. The sailors are weak all round except possibly in the batting department.

Pitching Duties

The Warriors, however, will not be taking things too easy and shall field their best nine. Pitching duties will go to either "Goose" Wong or Sonny Machado. George "Juicy" Ribeiro will be calling the curves. Joey Reis will be seen at first, Tony Silva at second and Dick Chaves at third. It is rumoured that Stephen Xavier will not be available on Sunday and it is not known who will take his place at short should he not turn up.

In the outer gardens, two ex-Blackhawks will be seen in action. They are Tony Rodriguez at centre and Jerry Remedios at right. Jimmy Chang will probably be at left.

The Warriors should take this tilt easily and use this game as a warm-up for next week's encounter with the Pandas.

Of the three Junior games scheduled, the HKU-Seminole tussle should be the more evenly matched. The undergraduates make their debut in the minor league and whether they shall be considered as a threat to the Pennant remains only to be seen. The University has signed up ex-Blackhawk Manuel Nunes, having played for the Seniors, is not eligible to play in the Juniors until the Council gives its approval.

No Trouble

The Seminoles will be without the services of first baseman Bernard Lee and catcher Peter D'Almada, but manager Ed Carvahno will have no trouble in filling these gaps. The Seminoles, after having been defeated on the opening day, have practised hard and are ready to redeem themselves this week. The match is scheduled for Sunday at 10.00 a.m.

This afternoon, the minors dominate the diamond as two games will be played off. At 2.30 p.m. the War Eagles clash with Dave Cooper's Austers. The servicemen were very poor in the last two outings and Cooper will have to pull every trick in the bag to win this match. The War Eagles, with two years of experience, are a steeper and faster team.

At 4.00 p.m. the P.I. Dodgers meet the Wah Ying. Little is known of the Wah Ying and it is hard to forecast the outcome of this game. Diesta has been putting his Dodgers through their paces and at recent practices his boys seemed to be in good shape.

The game between the Comets and St Westleys has been postponed.



NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Programmes and Entry Forms for the 2nd Race Meeting 1957/58 to be held on Saturday 19th and Monday 21st October, 1957, (weather permitting), may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, Alexandra House, the Club House, Happy Valley, and the Stables, Shan Kwong Road.

Entries close at 12 o'clock NOON on Tuesday, 8th October, 1957.

By Order of the Stewards, A. E. ARNOLD, Secretary.

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

FIRST RACE MEETING

Saturday, 5th October, 1957

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 10 RACES. The First Race will be run at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m. The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED. All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each are obtainable from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road and 362 Nathan Road, only on the written introduction of a Member, who will be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 7211).

The 5th Floor is restricted to Members and Ladies wearing Lady's Brooches.

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each payable at the Gate. Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosures.

CASH SWEEPS

ALL CASH SWEEP TICKETS dated 25th May 1957 for the 13th Race Meeting of the season 1956/57, which was subsequently abandoned, will be valid and will be drawn for at this Race Meeting, and for all intents and purposes the Cash Sweep tickets issued by the Club in respect thereof will apply as if the Cash Sweep Tickets were purchased for participation in this First Race Meeting of the season 1957/58, scheduled to be held on 5th October, 1957.

Through Cash Sweep Tickets for nine races excluding the last race of the day at \$18.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), and 8, D'Almada Street during normal Office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be reserved consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Kwangtung Handicap scheduled to be run on 19th October, 1957, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the all clear signal has been exhibited.

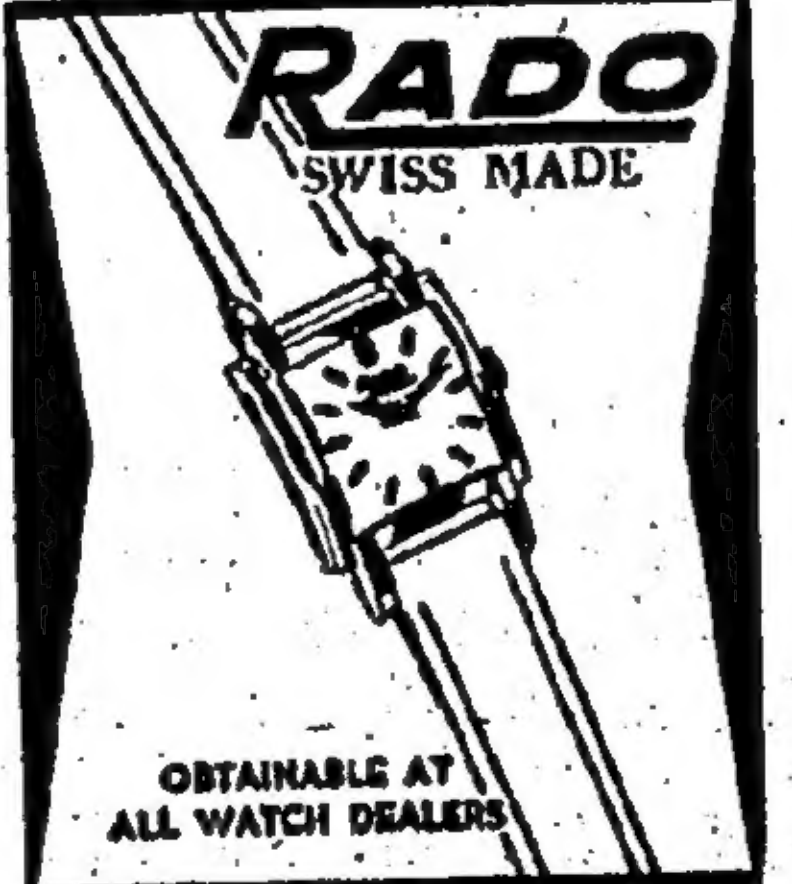
ALL WINNING TICKETS and TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENT WILL NOT BE MADE ON "TORN" OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tipsters, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards, A. E. ARNOLD, Secretary.

THE GAMBOLS by Barry Appleby



NAMESAKES

INSTRUCTIONS: Fill in the spaces against each of the clues below with a word related to my life. The letters in circles spell out my name. Who am I?

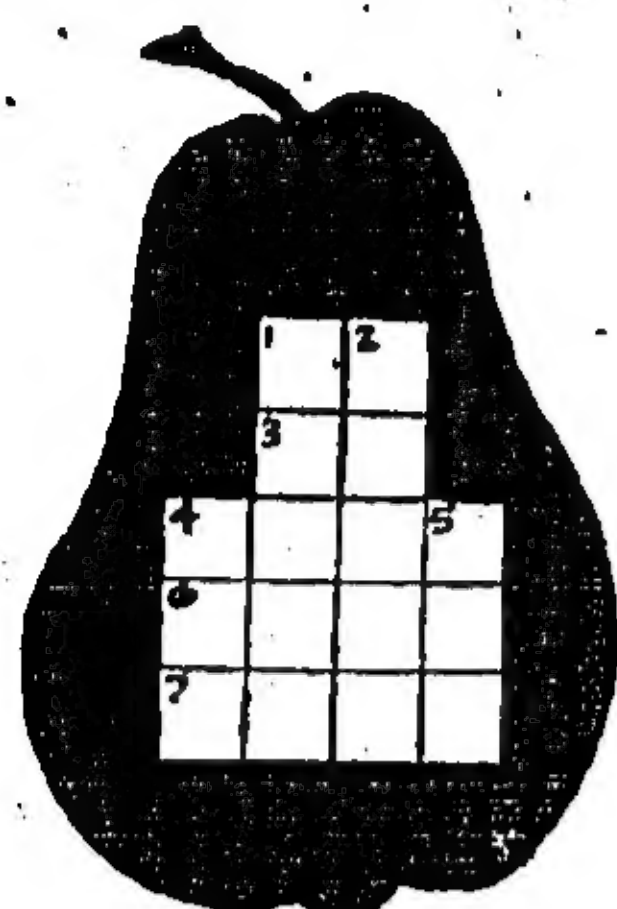
1. Fell out
2. Sentimental
3. Dramatic house
4. Girl's name
5. Keltian city

★ ★ ★ FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS ★ ★ ★

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

FRUIT CROSSWORD

The Puzzlemaster had the cartoonist put his crossword puzzle on the silhouette of a fruit to make it look nice:



ACROSS

- 1 Morning (ab.)
- 3 Italian river valley
- 4 Church part
- 6 Entreaty
- 7 Trial

DOWN

- 1 Fruit
- 2 He led the Israelites from Egypt (Bib.)
- 4 Qualified
- 5 Consume

HIDDEN FRUITS

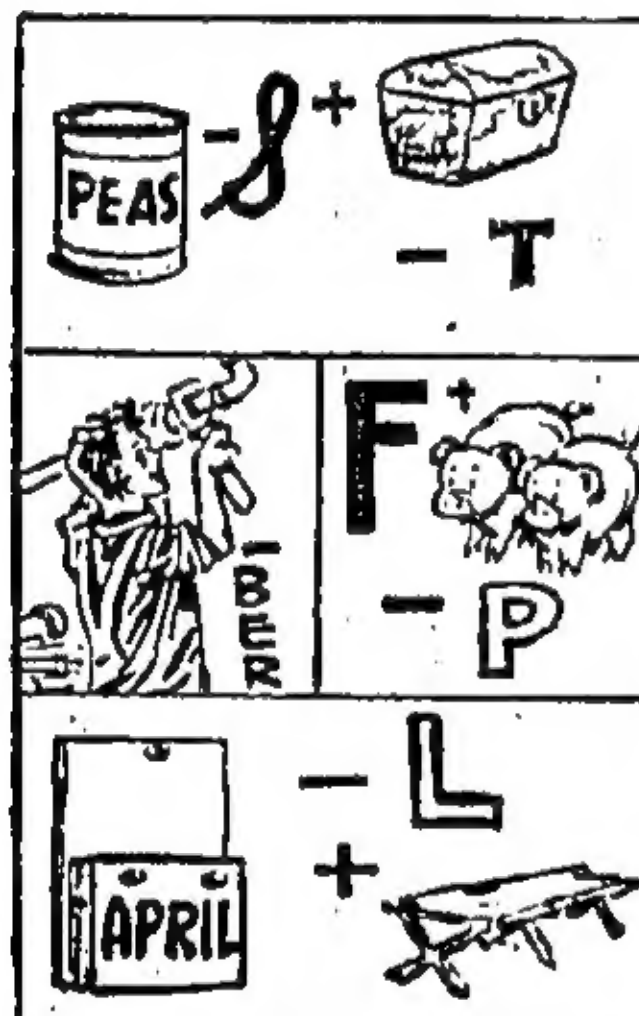
The Puzzlemaster has hidden a fruit in each of these sentences, but says you will find their names in rotation:

On the map, each state was a different colour.

The comet will appear on the southern horizon.

FRUIT REBUS

The Puzzlemaster has concealed four kinds of fruit in his rebus, but you can find them easily if you use the words and pictures to your best advantage:



DIAMOND

ORANGES provide the centre for the Puzzlemaster's word diamond. The second word is "an orange", third "a large African antelope", fourth "a spiritual being", and sixth an abbreviation for "Delaware." Complete the diamond from these clues:

O
R
A
N
G
E
S

MIRROR WORK

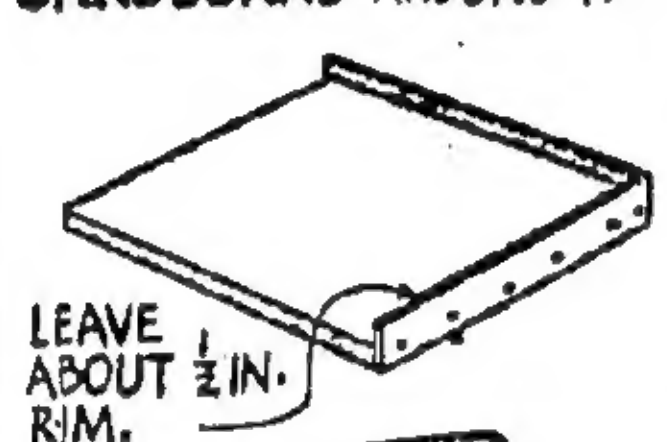
Here are four more kinds of fruits. If you have trouble with them, read them in a mirror (or backward):

EPULATNAC
ELPPAENIP
NOLEHRETAW
AYAPAP

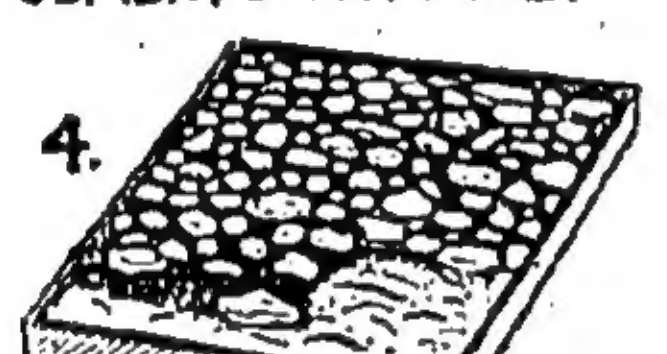
(Solutions on Page 19)

HOW TO MAKE A PEBBLE TILE

1. FIND A BOARD ABOUT 12 OR 15 IN. SQUARE (THE END OF A FRUIT BOX WILL DO)
2. TACK NARROW STRIPS OF THIN WOOD OR THICK CARDBOARD AROUND IT.



3. SMEAR A THIN LAYER OF LINOLEUM PASTE OR TILE CEMENT OVER INSIDE.
- 4.



5. SMEAR A MIXTURE OF THICK PATCHING PLASTER OVER SURFACE TO FILL SPACES... WIPE OFF PEBBLES WHILE PLASTER IS STILL WET.



A Glimpse Into The Crystal Ball—

Glass Has Sparkling Future

If we should ever see a purple cow, we might expect it to be made of glass. For just about everything is made of glass nowadays.

There are glass automobiles. And just recently an aeroplane of glass has been the subject of experiment. It has wings, fuselage, ailerons and stabilisers of glass—and the parts are held together with glass rivets.

In some factories there are coal chutes of glass. This is because metal chutes cause sparks to fly, often dangerous.

Large basketball balls often have banking boards of glass.

Special glass is now made that will not conduct the heat. You can pour hot coffee in this container, store it in the refrigerator for awhile, take it out again and the coffee will still be hot.

For centuries glass has been considered an important material. Its manufacturing methods have been kept secret and glass workers have been treated with great respect. Fathers taught their sons to be glassmakers, apprenticing them in the factories at an early age.

GLASS WAS first made in the East, in Egypt and Syria. Then it spread to Italy.

The first glass-making place in America was Jamestown, Virginia. Glass was so important in New York City that they named one of the city streets "Glass Makers Street."

Glass has been regarded as a luxury. One household item which was more for decoration than for use was the etched tumbler or drinking glass.

These had pictures of famous personages etched or painted on them. Washington, Lincoln, Franklin, John Hancock, Paul Revere, Grant, Shakespeare, Betsy Ross, Jenny Lind and Santa Claus were favourite subjects.

Bottles with famous personages pictured were popular, too, as well as glass busts of the people.

A GLASS OBJECT that we find odd today was a hand cooler. Elegant ladies of years ago would carry one of these egg-shaped objects to cool their hands in warm weather. Some of these were of clear glass, but



some had decorations such as flowers or fruit inside of them, like paperweights.

Another sad was glass in the shape of boots to use as drinking glasses. Some were elaborately decorated. Ladies' boots

were used as well as high-button shoes and even shoes with roller skates attached.

Even the nails in the wall were not forgotten by the glass-makers. Decorative glass nail-heads were made. These were

small heads from a quarter of an inch to three inches, which fitted over a nail which held a picture or mirror on the wall. They would also slip over a nailhead which was supporting the lower edge of a picture or mirror or would be used in drapery furnishings.

★ ★ ★

ANOTHER UNUSUAL use of glass was the witch ball. This was a hollow ball of glass, coloured, from two to seven or more inches wide. It was hung in the windows of glassmakers' homes and others of the population who might be superstitious, to keep the "evil eye" away.

Later, people hung a lot of these glass balls on a tree around Christmas time. So began the custom of decorating a tree with coloured balls.

The glassmakers made many toys or shapes of glass for cottages. Among these were kitchen stoves, washboards, furniture, fans, umbrellas, pianos, sleighs, Bibles and other books, automobiles, telephones and aeroplanes.

Glass has a fascinating history and an interesting present. Everyone is eager to see what its future will be.

—CHARLOTTE RADFORD

How To Ride A Bicycle In 5 Minutes

EVEN though you may never have been on a bicycle before, you can learn to ride one in five minutes with a friend's help and this formula.

The formula consists of three unbreakable rules. (If you break one rule, you won't be able to learn in five minutes.)

Rule 1. When you sit on your bicycle ready to start off, make sure your shoes rest FIRMLY on the pedals, pressing down a little.

★ ★ ★

If you don't feel your feet secure underneath, you'll start worrying and lose your balance. If your feet are secure, you'll concentrate easily on the next rule.

Rule 2. With feet firm on the bicycle pedals, fix your eyes on one object 25 feet or more ahead of your bicycle.



This automatically keeps your eyes away from your feet and the ground around them.

You'll also be able to see where you're going, and find it easy to obey the next rule.

Rule 3. When you start to fall, automatically turn your steering wheel in the direction of your fall.

This will tend to hold up the bicycle. Also, it will lessen the falling distance, if you cannot regain your balance in time.

Now, before your father or older friend takes you out to learn to ride a bicycle in five minutes, make sure he has read this article, too.

★ ★ ★

Then he will be able to trace every fall, every mistake you make, back to the point where you broke one of the three rules.

You CAN learn to ride a bicycle in five minutes. I know. I've seen this formula successfully used over and over.

Remember the three unbreakable rules:

1. Feet firmly on pedals at all times.
2. Eyes fixed on specific object 25 feet ahead of bicycle.
3. Turn steering wheel automatically in the direction of any fall.

—IDA SMITH

—MANUEL ALMADA

Creatures From The Past

THE kangaroo of Australia is one of our strange animals whose direct ancestry dates back thousands of years. The kangaroo has remained unchanged by evolution through the ages because its homeland is an island.

It has been isolated from the large continents for thousands of years and its geological and climatic conditions have remained the same.

"Land Island"

In Arizona the same type of thing happened. When the tropics receded south many thousands of years ago, the Baboquivari (Bab-oh-ee-va-ree) Mountains in southern Arizona were fenced in by deserts. These mountain "islands" have a warm tropical climate, due to rains from the Pacific that are warmed while crossing the desert.

In these mountains are species of butterfly found nowhere else in the world, and little known plants and animals. Their family histories date back into the dim ages unchanged.

They never ventured down to the surrounding deserts because they could not live there. Their special food plants grow only in their native mountains.

When past geological changes took place, life in those places, which were left arid gradually changed. Today the only species found there are those that could adapt themselves to the hot, dry desert, like the cacti, lizards, jackrabbits, etc.

In southern Alberta, Canada, lies a strange "Land Island" where time is turned back 15,000 years. It is a bit of land of 50 square miles known as the Cypress Hills.



Kangaroo mice like these are found on the steppes of Russia.

The great Keewatin glacier of the last ice age separated it from the rest of the world, passing around it, blotting out all the life surrounding it.

Among the animals that were swept away were the dinosaurs, mammoths, mastodons, sabre-toothed tigers, elephants and rhinoceroses. They were later replaced by entirely different kinds of animals.

Unlike the tropical mountain island in Arizona, the Cypress Hills have a sub-tropical climate. And unlike any other part of Canada, the Cypress Hills contain horned "toads" (horned lizards), kangaroo rats, three-toed sloths, scorpions, rattlesnakes, black widow spiders and other forms of life peculiar to American deserts.

For a time the dinosaurs and other huge animals survived in the Cypress Hills. Today the strange "Land Island" is one of the world's richest sites of dinosaur remains; it is protected by the Alberta government.

The Cypress Hills, like Australia, hold interesting secrets of the past and tell of what Canada's flora and fauna (plants and animals) were like 15,000 years ago.

—IDA SMITH

—MANUEL ALMADA

Rupert and the Fiddle—39



After a long time Rupert began to realize the importance of his fiddle. He was the only one who could play it. He was the only one who could make the music that the people of the island loved. He was the only one who could make the music that the people of the island loved.



He was the only one who could make the music that the people of the island loved. He was the only one who could make the music that the people of the island loved.

A Redskin Legend

The Wind Brings Strange Visitors

THE snow lay deep and the North Wind yelled and howled around a cabin on the edge of a deep forest. There an aged Indian, Wabun, and his wife Menonqua lived all alone. They had no near neighbours. Seldom did anyone pass their door.

One cold, blustery day as Menonqua sat embroidering her deer-skin dress with porcupine quills and Wabun was mending a net, Menonqua thought she heard a knock on their cabin door.

"Can that be someone at our door?" Menonqua asked.

"The North Wind is furious today. Very likely it was only the wind whipping a branch against the cabin. No one would venture out in such a storm," answered her husband.

LOUD POUNDING

In a moment, Wabun himself heard loud pounding on the door. Both Wabun and Menonqua hurried to the door. Opening it they saw two women, strangers to them, standing there in the cold. The aged Indians invited them to enter their home.

The visitors appeared ghost-like and unlike any people the couple had ever seen; yet Wabun and Menonqua did not betray their good manners by questioning the strangers.

Wabun invited them to sit near the fire. He offered them warm rugs and blankets. Menonqua served them dried fish, beans and bread.

The strangers watched the food from the dishes and ate it greedily. At night they slept on bear-skins near the fire. Yet you have not uttered a single complaint.

Day after day passed. The strange guests made no effort to leave. They continued to act in the same manner and failed to give any explanation as to why they were there.

Every day the food supply of the poor Indians dwindled. They had not planned on feed-



ing two extra mouths all winter. Yet not one word of complaint passed their lips. Pieces of pemmican or whatever else they had was offered freely to their guests.

Finally, when the snows began to melt in the forest and the warm sun heralded the approach of spring, the strangers announced that they were leaving their winter refuge.

As soon as the aged Indians were told of their guests' plans, they began questioning them. "Why are you leaving us? Do you not like our home? Have we failed to be kind and thoughtful? Have we not shared all that we have had with you?" they asked anxiously.

THEY SPOKE

Then the strangers replied, "We live in another sphere and were sent here by the Great Spirit to test you. Now our mission is finished.

"For your kindness and hospitality to strangers, the Great Spirit will reward you with long life, good health and a comfortable living. You have learned the source of peace in this life and have earned your reward after death."

Hiawatha Has A Secret

—Did He Hold A Mountain In His Hand?—

By MAX TRELL

TEDDY, the Stuffed Bear, came over to Knarf and Haid, the Shadows with the turned-about names. "He's acting very funny," said Teddy.

"Who's acting very funny, Teddy?" said Knarf. "You expect us to know who you're talking about without even mentioning any names."

"Better mention his name, Teddy," said Knarf.

Teddy said: "I'm very sorry. I'm talking about Hi."

Completely Wooden

Hi, or rather, Hiawatha, was a Wooden Indian Boy. He was completely wooden, inside and out, from his head to his toes.

You said he was acting funny," Knarf reminded Teddy. "That's right," said Teddy, nodding. "He's sitting and laughing to himself. He's hiding something in his hand and he won't tell what he's hiding. It's all very funny except I don't see what's so funny about it."

Knarf and Haid accompanied by Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, now marched into the house. They went down the hall and into the room and squeezed themselves behind the bookcase, because that's where Hiawatha, the Wooden Indian Boy, had his wigwam. Only Teddy, being fat, had a hard job squeezing himself behind the bookcase. Haid had to pull him by the hair and Knarf had to push him from behind before they could get him through.

Made Of Toothpicks

Finally they reached Hiawatha's wigwam. It was made of tall toothpicks and covered used postage stamps.

Hiawatha was sitting on the ground just outside the open flap of his wigwam. It was just as Teddy had described. There was a smile on his face and his hands were closed tightly over something that he was trying to hide.

Hiawatha greeted them. "How!" he said, which meant hello in Indian language.

"How," answered Knarf, Haid and Teddy.

They all sat down in front of Hiawatha's wigwam. For several moments they were silent, except for the soft sound of laughter coming from Hiawatha.

"See what I mean?" Teddy whispered to Knarf and Haid. "Something very funny is going on. I don't see what it is, but I'm sure it is. The fact is, I don't know what it is, but I'm sure it is."

Knarf asked Hiawatha: "What are you hiding in your hands, Hi?"



Hiawatha was hiding something in his hands.

"You guess 'em," said Hiawatha, with a cheerful grunt.

"A flower," said Haid.

"Wrong!" said Hiawatha.

"A penny," said Teddy.

"Very wrong," said Hiawatha. "Give me a hint," said Knarf.

Hiawatha thought this over for a minute then he said: "It's big. Birds make nests in it. It has lots of leaves. When the sun shines you sit under it and keep cool."

Knarf and Haid and Teddy looked at each other in astonishment.

"It sounds like a tree," said Haid. "But it can't be. Nobody can hide a tree in his hand."

Hiawatha chuckled as he opened his hand.

"You betcha it's a tree—an oak tree. Look at him! Right in my hand!"

Touching A Cloud

"Guess 'em," said Hiawatha. "I give you hint. It's the top of the biggest thing in the whole world. I climbed up and took it. It was touching a cloud."

Again the three friends stared at each other.

"It sounds as if you have the top of a mountain in your hand!" said Knarf. "But that can't be!"

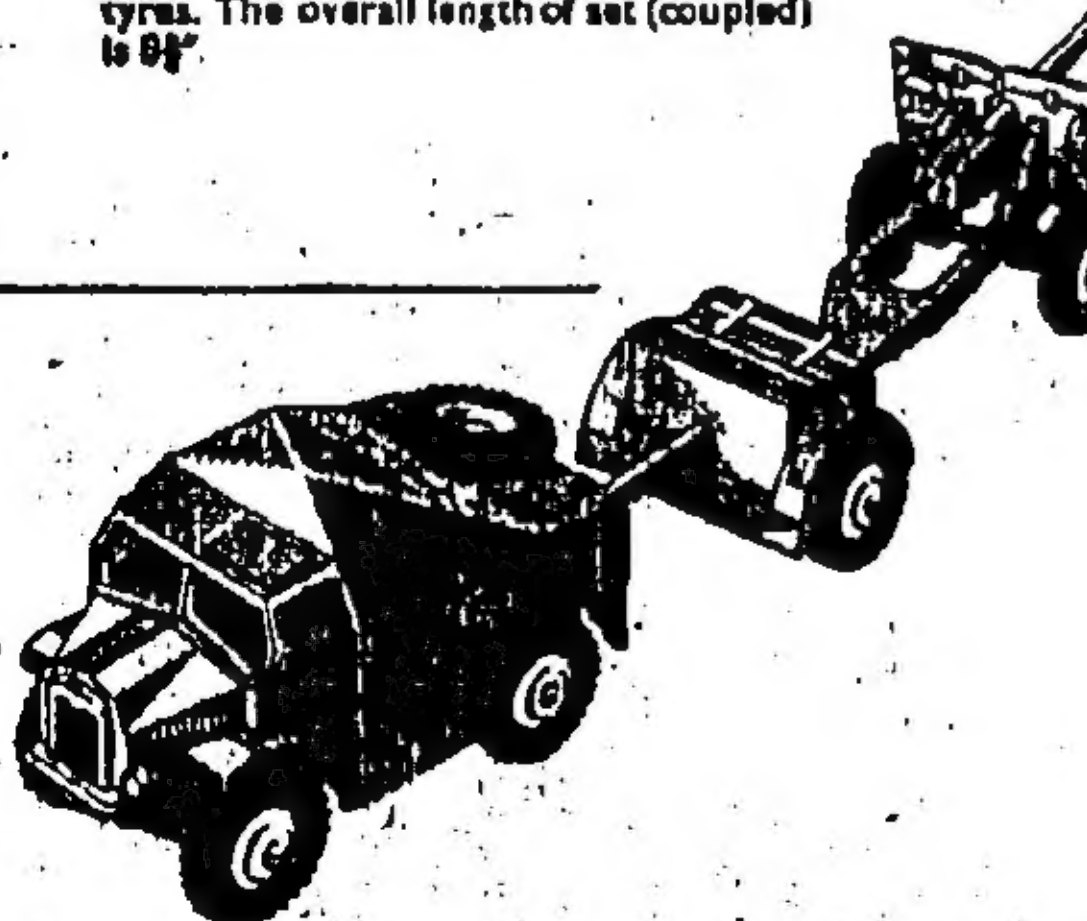
Hiawatha opened his hand. In his palm was a tiny pebble. Then Hiawatha chuckled and laughed and did a joyful dance in front of his wigwam. Even Knarf and Haid and Teddy were really fooled then, and that he really had something to feel funny about.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1957

MARIAN ANDERSON'S FIRST RECITAL *She Sang Superbly*

by R. A. BONES

AT the Queen's Theatre last night, Miss Marian Anderson gave the first of the two recitals which she is to present in Hongkong. Seats for this concert were all sold almost a week in advance so we were expecting a rare musical treat and, in fact, this proved to be the case.

Miss Anderson has a rich and vibrant contralto voice with a very wide range and excellent control which she put to good effect in the varied items in the programme.

The programme was a very interesting and well-balanced one containing works from Handel to contemporary American composers.

Miss Anderson commenced with a group of three songs by Handel followed by a group of five songs by Schubert. Here these was a slight alteration in the printed programme. Wehm was replaced by another item by Schubert. Was it the Miller's Song?

The first half of the programme ended with the aria, "Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix" from Samson and Delilah by Saint-Saens; this showed Miss Anderson's operatic prowess to the full.

Patient Melancholy Of The Spiritual

In the second part of the programme came more modern American composers... Samuel Barber, Howard Swanson and Cellius Dougherty. It ended

appropriately with arrangements of four negro spirituals.

Many of these folksongs of a race which suffered enslavement for over two hundred years have a strong religious basis which shows an astounding faith and fervour, yet they are filled with a wistful longing and a spirit of gentle patient melancholy.

Their haunting rhythms and harmonies have a strong and popular appeal.

Miss Anderson sang these superbly and deserved all the warm ovation which she got from a capacity audience.

Miss Anderson further delighted us with encores which included "Comin' Through the Rye", spirituals, and Ave Maria.

And Tomorrow An Amplified Anderson

Miss Marian Anderson was accompanied throughout by Mr Franz Rupp for whom a special word of praise for his sympathetic understanding and the well-modulated accompaniments he produced.

Miss Anderson is to give her second recital tomorrow night at the Football Stadium at 6.00 p.m. This stadium holds about 7,500 people and even before the first recital had started nearly six thousand of these had been sold. I was especially pleased to hear that four thousand of these had been sold to students and schools at reduced prices.

A specially designed "shell" is being constructed in the centre of the stadium from which Miss Anderson will sing. Owing to the high quality amplifying which will be used, there should be no difficulty for any member of the audience to hear as well as in a theatre. I am sure that this second concert should be every bit as enjoyable as the first.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"I'm disappointed with our first grade teacher - she doesn't know a bit more about foreign affairs than my family."

Malayan Rice

Kuala Lumpur, Oct. 4. All importation of rice from Thailand will be made by the government and sold to importers with government stocks. Export licences here today.—United Press.

REDIFFUSION

11 a.m. Morning Medley: 1.30. The Grand Serenade: 2.30. Nibelungen's Best Selling Novel, Narrated by the Author: 3.30. 12 Noon, Tune: 12.30. Three Men On A Mike: 1.30. Featuring the song: Guy Mitchell, Jerry Cole, and Dean Martin. 2.30. Keyboard Capers: 1.30. Weather Report, News and Special Announcements: 1.30. Music By George Melachrino and his Orchestra: 2.30. Saturday Requests—Presented by Betty: 3.30. Year By Year—Featuring the songs of 1957: 3.30. In His Story—The Story of Henry May: well—Episode 20: 4. Western Film Hour—Presented by Dick Kendall: 4.30. Rhythm Parade—Instrumental Music with a rhythmic beat featuring the Johnny Guarnieri Quintet and Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra: 5.30. Requests—Presented by Janet: 6.30. Birthday Mailbox: 6.30. Meet The Stars: 6.30. Melody Magic—Melodies For Reminiscing: 7. Rediffusion's Jazz Club—Presented by Philip Dickson: 7.30. Song Time—Featuring the songs of the Quadrangle: 8. Time Signal and the News: 8.00. Weather Report, Announcements and Interludes: 8.15. Sunday Tales: 8.30. Episode 20: 8.30. Rediffusion's Voice of Sport—News and Views of the Week: 9.00. Sportmen: 9.10. Hollywood Open House—Starring Misha Auer, Joey Adams and Tony Cananeri: 10.30. Saturday Night: 1. Rediffusion's Dance Party: 12 Midnight. "God Save The Queen." Close Down.

TELEVISION

3 p.m. "Guy Lombardo and His Orchestra": 2.30. Life Of Riley: 3.30. Starkey William Bendis: 3.30. Cantonese Film: "The Step Mother": 4.30. David Brian: 5. Children's Hour: "Cartoons": 5.15. A Family Comedy. Directed by Ling Chung: 5.30. Interview with Maria: Anderson: 6.30. World and Colony Events: 6.30. Cantonese Film: "King Of Boring": (Part 2) Conclusion: 6.30. Alfred Hitchcock Presents: "The Case of Mr. Pelham": 7.30. Broadway Crawford in "Highway Patrol": 10. Evening News: 11. Late Night Final: News Headlines, Weather Report and Announcements. Close Down.

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Jumbles JUMBLES: 1. Rediffusion's Dance Party: 12 Midnight. "God Save The Queen." Close Down.

NAMESAKES

Answers:—1 Quarrelled, 2 Romantic, 3 Montague, 4 Juliet, 5 Verona, 6 Romeo.

Bad Putting By Britain In Ryder Cup

Lindrick, Oct. 4. The United States Golf team made a good start towards retaining the Ryder Cup when they won the foursomes here today by three matches to one. Eight singles will be played tomorrow.

The Americans' mastery was on the greens, where they rarely failed to hole vital putts of from five to seven feet. It was putting alone which enabled Doug Ford and Dow Finsterwald to beat Peter Alliss and Bernard Hunt, Britain's youngest pair, by 2 and 1 in the greatest match of the day.

On five greens the British pair failed to get down from five feet.

Jack Burke, the American Captain, and Ted Kroll beat Max Faulkner and Harry Weetman by 4 and 3, and Dick Mayer, the U.S. open champion, and Tommy Bolt thrashed Christy O'Connor, British match play champion, and Eric Brown by 7 and 5.

Dal Rees, the British captain, and Ken Bousfield scored their side's only success, defeating Art Wall and Fred Hawking 3 and 2.—Reuter.

Office Gossip

Chicago, Oct. 4. A two-day "Secretaries Institute" designed to help girls develop themselves "above and beyond" basic stenographic skills. Includes a study of office gossip.—United Press.

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CRASH TOLL

Lagos, Nigeria, Oct. 4. Some 200 people believed to have been aboard the train which crashed on the Kano-Lagos line near Ibadan last Sunday have not been accounted for, an official police list of casualties disclosed today. Only 70 bodies have been recovered so far. A total of 147 were injured in the crash.—France-Press.

Young Cricketer

London, Oct. 4. Mickey Stewart, the 25-year-old Surrey opening batsman has been elected the "Young Cricketer of the year" by the Cricket Writers Club. It was announced, here today.

Stewart scored 1,801 runs last season at an average of 36.75 and by holding 77 catches failed by only one to equal Wally Hammond's world record aggregate for a season. He gained almost two-thirds of the votes cast by members of the club.—China Mail Special.



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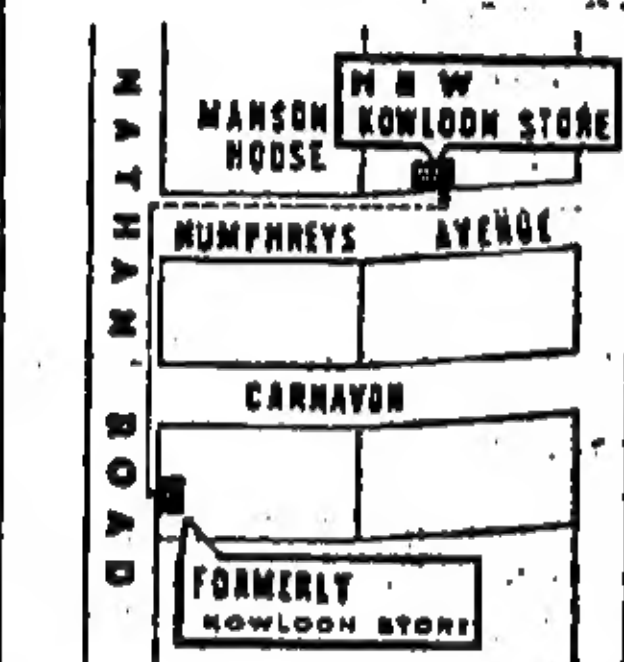
NOTICE

The British Red Cross Society Offices will be in room 210, Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank Building, as from Friday 4th October, 1957. Telephone Nos. 20111 and 26226.

CHURCH NOTICE

ST. PETER'S CHURCH
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Sunday, 6th October. Harvest Festival Services
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